CANADA MONTHLY

EDITED BY SIDNEY R. COOK

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What Chance Has Canada?

PROF. A. B. MACALLUM, of the University of Toronto, in a recent speech before the Empire Club estimated that the war would impose an annual charge of $500,000,000 for a century and he showed the need for vast additions to production and the utilization of every possible element in natural resources. "Nations must work and economize" he said, "and even strain their energies to carry this staggering load, labor will be conserved and imports cut and exports increased; the highest skill will be demanded in every department of life for competition which will be the keenest the world has ever known and perhaps ever will know. What chance has Canada if she does not employ the most advanced and most approved methods in her industries?"

One answer to this question is the work of the Advisory Council on Scientific and Industrial Research recently organized by the Federal Government. In this issue R. Goldwin, Smith, Financial Editor of the *Toronto Daily News*, shows how, through this council, Science and Industry have formed a partnership which will have far-reaching results for the Dominion.

The co-ordination of science and industry in Britain and Canada is not only being made effective in bringing the war to a successful close, but will so augment the productive power of these countries after the war is over that the liquidation of the rapidly accumulating national debts may be accomplished without undue burden on the people.

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Canada Monthly's School and College Directory

DEPARTMENT OF THE NAVAL SERVICE.

ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE OF CANADA.

ANNUAL examinations for entry of Naval Cadets into this College are held at the examination centres of the Civil Service Commission in May each year, successful candidates joining the College on or about the 1st August following the examination.

Applications for entry are received up to the 15th April by the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Ottawa, from whom blank entry forms can be obtained.

Candidates for examination must have passed their fourteenth birthday, and not reached their sixteenth birthday, on the 1st July following the examination.

Further details can be obtained on application to G. J. Desbarats, C.M.G., Deputy Minister of the Naval Service, Department of the Naval Service, Ottawa.

G. J. DESBARATS,
Deputy Minister of the Naval Service.
Department of the Naval Service,
Ottawa, November 23, 1916.
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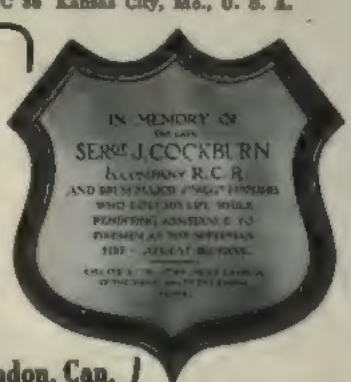

The Dennis Wire and Iron Works Co., Limited, London, Can.

A ludicrous story is told of an Edinburgh Bailie, whose studies in natural history seem to have been limited. The following case came before him one day:—

A man who kept a ferret having to go into the country left the cage with the ferret in charge of a neighbor till he should return. The neighbor incautiously opened the cage door, and the ferret escaped. The man was very angry, and brought a claim against him for damages.

The following was the decision of the learned Bailie: "Nae doot," he said to the neighbor; "nae doot ye was wrang to open the cage door; but," he added, turning to the owner, "ye was wrang too. What for did ye clip the brute's wings?"

—

They were discussing the rights and wrongs of a strike, and stout and strenuous were the arguments on either side.

"Look here! Say I ain't tellin' the truth! Look here!" said Bob, producing a newspaper and flourishing it under Joe's eye.

But Joe ignored the offered literature. "I don't want to see no newspaper!" he said loftily. "Wot I knows I knows!"

"And that ain't much," said Bob. "Don't want to see the newspaper, 'e don't. Why? 'Cos 'e can't read. Uneducated—that's wot 'e is!"

Immediately Joseph's ire rose. "I'm as well edicated as you, Bob," he said with dignity; "but, as I learned in a night school, o' course I can't read in the daytime!"

—

Mary Ann and William were rural lovers, devoted to one another, sweet and seventeen. They met the other day in the village post-office, but William was with his respected master, and could not speak to his sweetheart.

He winked at her, however, but was severely pained that no bright smirk came from her in reply.

A few days later he received an explanation in the form of a letter.

"Dear Bill," the epistle ran,—"The reason I didn't laff when you laffed at me in the post-office t'other day was becos I had a boil on me face, and I can't laff.

"If I laff, it'll burst. But I loves you, Bill, boil or no boil, laff or no laff.—Mary Ann."

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For application forms apply to the Deputy Minister of Finance, Ottawa.

DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE, OTTAWA
OCTOBER 7th, 1916.

Farmer Jenkins believed in the good old-fashioned idea of giving all the farm hands and labourers a real good Christmas feed at the festive season. So he determined to give them something to resemble last year, and ordered the feast to start with soup, to be followed by goose, roast beef, and unlimited supplies of plum pudding.

The farm hands duly assembled, and having fasted all day so as to be in good trim for the Christmas feed, were prepared to make the supplies look foolish. Roast goose and beer were all they expected.

"'Ere, what's this 'ere?" said a disappointed son of toil, when a huge plate of soup was placed before him. "You've forgotten the goose and stuffin'; I don't want all gravy!"

The cloakroom man at a large restaurant fell suddenly unwell and a substitute took his place. The new man was told not to give out any coats or hats without proper identification, and so when an old gentleman demanded his hat and explained that he had lost his check there was a great to-do on the part of the substitute.

"But that's my hat the shabby brown one," said the old gentleman. "It's got my initials in it—F. X. G."

The substitute looked inside the hat, and sure enough the initials were there.

"Humph!" he said suspiciously. "You might have seen these initials somehow."

"But here they are on my shirt, too," said the old gentleman, unbuttoning his waistcoat. "See? F. X. G."

"You might have stolen the shirt," said the substitute.

"Good heavens!" shouted the old gentleman, and he tore open his shirt and undervest. "Maybe this will satisfy you! Hey?" And he pointed to the letters F. X. G. tattooed on his breast in blue.

The substitute stared at the tatooing closely; then at last he handed over the hat. As he did so he said reluctantly:

"Well, since Nature wrote them initials on your skin, I guess they must be yours for a fact."

It was little Howard's first term at school and one day he returned home wearing a very discouraged expression.

"Why, Howard," asked his mother, "what is the trouble?"

"I ain't going to school any more," replied the boy.

"Why, dear?" asked the mother.

"'Cause," explained Howard, "'tain't any use, mother, I can never learn to spell. The teacher keeps changing the words every day."

He was not a good card-player. He admitted it—his game was pin-pong. But that was no reason why his partner should be so disagreeable whenever he made mistakes.

After a particularly glaring error, the pestering partner turned upon him with real anger.

"Why didn't you follow my lead?" he asked.

"If I followed anybody's lead, sir," exclaimed the novice hotly, "It certainly wouldn't be yours!"

His partner snorted, and subsided, But, in the next hand, he threw down his cards in desperation.

"Look here!" he cried. "Didn't you see me call for a spade or club? Have you no black suit?"

"Yes, I have!" retorted the novice, with warmth. "But I'm keeping it for your funeral!"

What you want to do first," said a Toronto man to an Ontario farmer whom he was advising touching certain needed improvements in and about his place, "is to have that mudhole in the road fixed."

"You experts and reformers don't understand local conditions," said the farmer, scornfully. "Why, I've purty nigh paid off a mortgage with the money I've made haulin' automobiles out of that mudhole!"

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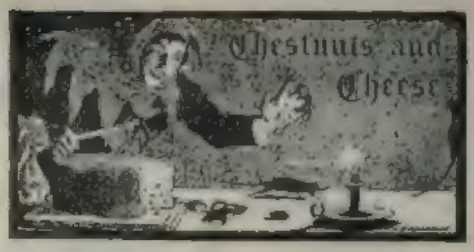

Old Grouser felt extremely ill, and sent for the doctor, who examined him carefully, and looked rather grave.

"Oh, doctor," cried the old man, "do you think I'm going to die?"

"My dear sir, of course not," answered the medico, smiling. "I assure you that's the very last thing that is likely to happen to you!"

The persistent book traveller was plaguing Mr. Crusty in his usual persuasive way.

"This book, sir," he said, "is invaluable to parents. When your children ask you difficult questions, you can refer to this and give them the answer, without having to confess that you don't know.

"I haven't any children!" growled Crusty.

"For your wife, then. It will keep her amused and entertained all day long while you are away at your office."

"I haven't a wife. I live alone here with my cat."

"Then this book is just the thing you want! When you get really riled, this is a beautifully heavy volume to throw at the cat."

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CANADA MONTHLY, TORONTO, ONT.

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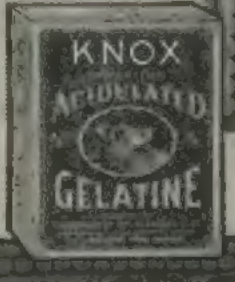

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A little boy reached school with very untidy hair, and his teacher asked him:

"Why don't you brush your hair?"

"Ain't got no brush, sir," replied the boy.

"Why don't you use your father's brush, then?" asked the teacher.

"He ain't got no brush either," was the reply.

"No brush! Why hasn't he a brush?" asked the teacher again, in astonishment.

"He's got no hair," was the gloomy reply.

—

The minister was calling upon old Mrs. Wylie.

"I hope you read the Bible every day?" he remarked gravely.

"Oh, yes," she responded eagerly, "I'll just show you the chapter I read."

She produced the Book, and opened the pages.

Between them lay a pair of spectacles.

"Well, I declare," she cried, "here are my spectacles that I've lost for the last fortnight!"

—

Tim Mulvey, a faithful old employe of a Regina minister, lay very ill.

Upon hearing of his illness the minister went to his bedside and talked to him for a considerable length of time, during which he asked:

"Have you forgiven all of your enemies, Tim?"

"Shure I have, sir. That is, all except Pat Flinn," replied the patient.

"But you must forgive *all* if you hope to reach Paradise," the minister announced kindly.

"Well, all right, thin," replied Tim, meditatively. "But I if get well I'll break his head."

—

Some time ago some school-children were set the task of reading an article about Lancashire, and were afterwards asked to write an essay on this part of England.

Looking over one of the essay papers, the teacher found the statement, "The people of Lancashire are very stupid."

"Where did you get that idea, Maggie?" said the teacher.

"Oh!" replied the little girl, "out of the book. It says that Lancashire is remarkable for its dense population."

—

"If you are innocent," said the lawyer to his client, an old darky, who was charged with stealing a ham, "we ought to be able to prove an alibi."

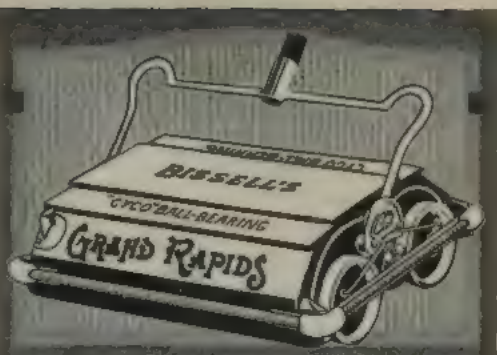
"I don't specs we kin," said the old darky doubtfully.

"At what time was the ham stolen?"

"About 'lebben erclock, dey say."

"Well, where were you between eleven o'clock and midnight—in bed?"

"No, sah, I was hidin' de ham."



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For you don't want to hook up a power machine for the morning brushing-up; to take up crumbs from under the dining-room table, or to sweep up sewing-room litter. In addition to its handiness, this famous carpet sweeper is better fitted and more efficient for these sweeping jobs than the best vacuum made—not excepting Bissell's.

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PAST AND PRESENT

To-day there is no question of choice between the goose quill and the Fountain Pen, but there is a choice Fountain Pens. The

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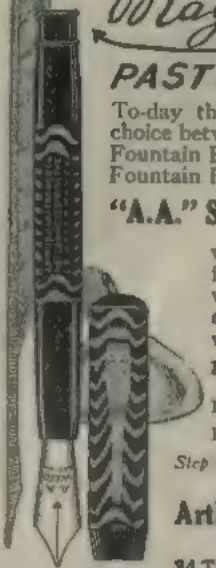

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Get your mirror to tell you what your friends will not

GO to your mirror now and try to see your skin as others see it. Take your mirror to a window or a strong light, get close to it and really study your skin! Find out just what is keeping your complexion from being attractive.

For whatever condition you find, *it can be changed!* Conspicuous nose pores, oily skin and shiny nose, a blemished skin, blackheads or a sallow, colorless complexion—you can begin at once to change any of these.

Don't say, "It's useless to try to change the skin itself"

It changes every day in spite of you! As *old* skin dies, *new* skin forms to take its place. This new skin will be just what *you* make it, and will make or mar your entire complexion accordingly.

Which will you do? Will you begin at once to bring to your skin the charm you have longed for? Then start tonight one of the famous Woodbury skin treatments. Two of them are given on this page. Many others are given in the booklet illustrated below. You will be sure to find among these one suited to the needs of *your* skin. Use the treatment suited to your needs persistently, and your complexion *cannot help* taking on, gradually but surely, the greater clearness, freshness, and charm of "A skin you love to touch."

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If one of the two treatments given here is suited to the needs of *your* skin, you can begin at once—*tonight*—to bring to your complexion the charm you have longed for. Ask for Woodbury's today wherever you buy your toilet things—at your druggist's or toilet counter. A 25c cake is sufficient for a month or six weeks of any of these two treatments. Get a cake today and begin your treatment tonight. You will find Woodbury's Facial Soap for sale by dealers everywhere throughout the United States and Canada.

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So sluggish and colorless!

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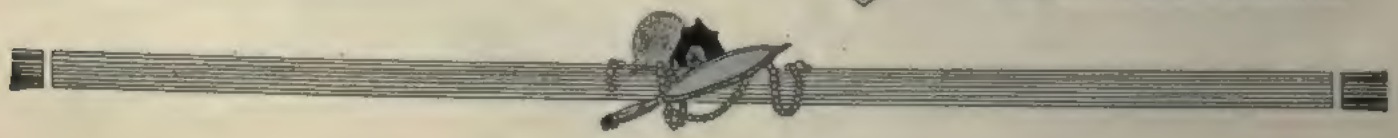

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Science to the Rescue

WHAT THE GOVERNMENT IS DOING THROUGH THE COUNCIL ON SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL RESEARCH TO HELP THE MINER, MANUFACTURER AND FARMER

By R. Goldwin Smith

Financial Editor Toronto Daily News

Illustrated from Portraits · Decorations by F. M. Grant

SCIENCE and industry in Canada have formed a partnership. Whatever other good things have evolved out of the crucial experience of the world-war, the importance of the new relations established between these two fundamental factors in the economic life of the nation can scarcely be overestimated.

When the war broke out, the Empire found itself confronted by an enemy whose efficiency was deadly. Numerous problems vital to the Empire's existence presented themselves that had to be solved immediately. The United Kingdom had for generations basked behind the shelter of her invincible navy. She wakened gradually to the fact that she had not only to withstand the Germans on land, with their big "Bertha" guns, poisonous gases and hosts of trained and thoroughly equipped man-power, but to defend her islands from the Zeppelin and the open sea from the submarine. Britain to-day is one vast workshop. The Scientific laboratory is no longer isolated. Science and industry are under one roof and they are there to stay. Canada, whose destinies have been menaced in common with those of the United Kingdom, has followed Britain's lead, and combined her forces of science and industry. The immediate purpose of the union is to help to win the war; the ultimate purpose is that the Dominion shall advance to the front rank among industrial nations. In this union seeds have been planted that promise to convert Canada's almost unlimited possibilities into realities, and to give complete expression to the inventive genius of her man-power.

The immediate purpose of the Advisory Council on Scientific and Industrial Research is to win the war, the ultimate purpose is that the Dominion shall advance to the front rank among industrial nations. In the union of science with industry seeds have been planted that promise to convert Canada's almost unlimited possibilities into realities, and to give complete expression to the inventive genius of her man-power.

The partnership was established in Canada when, a few months ago, under the auspices of the Federal Government, an Advisory Council on Scientific and Industrial Research was organized. This Council is comprised of eleven scientific and industrial experts of the foremost rank, all men of achievement in their various spheres of activity. They were well chosen. The Council has as its permanent chairman, Dr. A. B. Macallum, of the University of Toronto, and its other members are Dr. A. Stanley Mackenzie, Dalhousie University, Halifax; Dr. F. D. Adams, McGill University, Montreal; Professor J. C. McLennan, University of Toronto; Dr. R. F. Ruttan, McGill University; Professor S. F. Kirkpatrick, Queen's University Kingston; Dr. W. C. Murray, University of Saskatchewan, Saskatoon; R. Hobson, Hamilton; R. A. Rose, Consulting Electrical Engineer, Montreal; Tancrede Bienvenue, Montreal; Arthur Surveyer, Consulting Engineer, Montreal.

Some of these gentlemen have won international recognition. Dr. Macallum, who had served in the University of Toronto for thirty-two years, owes his reputation to his researches into the composition of the blood. He has proved that iron is a constant constituent of the fundamental life substance in every cell, a fact not previously even suspected. Professor McLennan has won distinction for his researches into the constitution and properties of the cosmic ether, a problem which has almost baffled investigation. The whole Council, who are offering their services free, will contribute their wealth of experience in an effort to coordinate, with the assistance of the Government on the one hand and that of practical industrial interests on the other, all the skill, scientific knowledge and energy of the Dominion for the exploitation and development of the nation's vast resources. Such practical men as Mr. Hobson will be a valuable asset to the Council, for he has established one of the largest steel industries of Canada on a highly efficient basis.

Heretofore science and industry have gone their own ways in large measure officially independent of one another. While the interdependence of one on the other has been generally recognized, they have never worked wholeheartedly together. Captains of industry were aware that without science there would have been no steam-engine or electrical machinery; no telegraph or wireless. Practical men were suspicious of scien-

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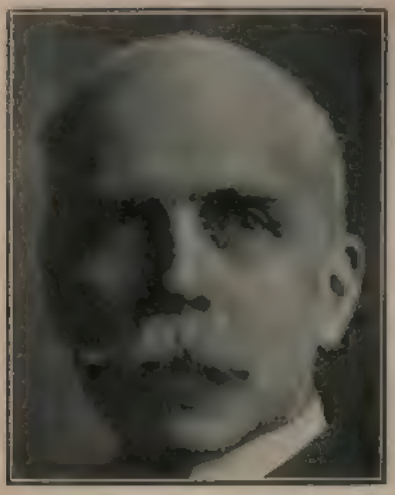
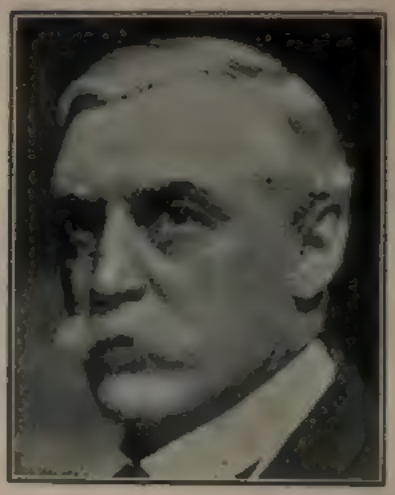


Dr. Frank D. Adams



Robert Hobson

tists, however, and were inclined to regard their efforts as "pure" and not practical. This prejudice is being eliminated. On the other hand, an idea must be realized in order to be of public use and this requires the practical manufacturer. The cooperation of these forces creates an epoch in the nation's economic life.

The origin and purpose of the movement is obvious to those who have followed the course of events since the outbreak of war. In Germany science and industry have been cooperating with admirable intensity for thrity-two years. That is why it is taking the Allies so long to defeat the Central Powers. We are fighting, not merely men, but mighty achievement in these complementary fields. Great Britain, which, with the exception of her naval propaganda, had allowed science and industry to follow the course of "laisser faire," wakened to the situation, counted her needs and has worked marvels in two years. Much has been written of the manner in which Germany has "stolen" and utilized inventions of outside peoples, especially of Britishers. The chief physical and chemical inventions sprang from Britain and France, but the German Government and universities adopted them and with the help of their industries applied them with infinite detail. One result is that the world's supplies of special machinery, dyes and chemicals and numerous other manufactures have come chiefly from the Central Powers. The Allies and the United States have determined to put a stop to this. The Allies do not propose that Germany shall rebuild her shattered fortunes on our necessity, when we have the wherewithal to supply our needs within our own borders, and can do it, if we apply ourselves. For the realization of this purpose, among others, the Council was ormed. Such a determination does not necessarily involve permanent hostility towards Germany. It is rather the method by which Canadians may themselves achieve industrial greatness.

It is significant that the organization of the Council was inspired by and acts under the auspices of the Federal Government. The function of the Council is advisory rather than executive. The latter power rests with the Government. The Ottawa Government, at the instigation of Sir George E. Foster, Minister of Trade and Commerce, appointed a group of Federal ministers, known as the committee of the Privy Council, and in them has been invested the executive function in respect to any Government action resulting from scientific and industrial research. This Committee is comprised of ministers, within the scope of whose offices the enterprise comes. They are the Minister of Trade and Commerce, Minister of the Interior, Minister of Agriculture, Minister of Mines, Minister of Inland Revenue and Minister of Labor. The Council is responsible to this Committee.

The man behind the whole movement in Canada and who launched it is Sir George E. Foster, Minister of Trade and Commerce. Sir George has been in close touch with trade matters in the United Kingdom since the war began. A year ago Mr. Arthur Henderson, now a member of the British Cabinet, urged that every department of science in Britain be called upon to cooperate with the industries in bringing Britain to the maximum of efficiency, not only to carry on the war to a successful issue, but in order that Britain's productive powers should be so augmented after the war that the liquidation of the rapidly accumulating national debt would be accomplished without undue burden to the people. The whole nation responded to the call. Britain's exports have shown a substantial increase every month during the past year. The suggestion was passed on by the Right Hon. A. Bonar Law to the Governments of the overseas Dominions, with the result that similar cooperative organizations are underway in the various nations of the Empire. Moreover, the purpose the scheme has in view is not merely that science and industry should cooperate in the various sections of the Empire but that the whole Empire should cooperate. By this means each nation may become self-subsistent as far as possible, and the Empire, standing together, may become commercially, practically independent of the rest of the world. Such a scheme does not necessarily involve any suggestion of hostility towards outside nations in economic relations, but that the Empire and every part of it shall supply its own needs and sell to rather than purchase from other people.

During a speech recently, before the Empire Club, Toronto, Dr. Macallum said: "I have known Germany for thirty years. I was there thirty years ago. I knew the extent of her wealth and resources. Germany, then, relatively to England, was a poor country. She has since forged ahead so rapidly that she was able to undertake this war. How did she do it? One statistician published the statement some months ago that since 1884 Germany has spent £460,000 a year in research along scientific lines and in aid of her industries. Great Britain spent very little. For the last forty years she gave the Royal Society for pure research £4,000 a year and during the last eight years the National Physical Laboratory has received £7,000 annually." The purpose of the British Government now is to spend more money in these and allied lines. It is the determination of the Canadian Government to do the same.

The revolution created in Britain already by the realization of the cooperative scheme has been notable. One instance among many will suffice to illustrate. Before the war it happened that one of the largest refining plants in England found their supplies of a particular flux rquired by them in the treatment of ores entirely cut off. The firm had been accustomed to import the flux from one of the mines under the control of one of the Central Powers. When forced to look elsewhere, it was discovered that deposits of this same

flux occurred within ten miles of the plant. A railway was immediately built and now the firm is securing the flux more cheaply at home.

Coming back to the Advisory Council in Canada, their work has been clearly defined. Three important departments of Canadian industry are agriculture, minerals and metals, and electricity. Agriculture is fundamental and the Council in its investigation has found that the Government has already given and is giving careful attention to its propagation. One of the branches of agriculture on which the Council is focusing is forestry. Probably in respect to the forest resources more than any other asset Canadians have been guilty of prodigal waste and neglect. The country's forest resources may be enormous but they are not inexhaustable by any means. It is estimated that Canada has between two and three hundred million acres of commercial timber, but the annual output is approximately only that of Germany where timber is cut on an area of only 24,000,000 acres. The German output, however, is from lands which have taken one hundred years to bring to their present perfection as timber producers. A visit to the forest areas of Canada reveals deplorable conditions. Fires have swept hundreds of millions of dollars away. Destruction by hostile organic life has been almost as costly. The destroying pests have swept in wide belts through the country. Great areas, suitable for timber, have been deforested and abandoned without a thought for future generations. Various methods have been utilized by European nations for forest preservation. The Council has considered these and has recommended that certain investigations be at once carried out through the Forestry Branch of the Department of the Interior to ascertain which of these methods can best be applied to the Canadian forests for the purpose of preventing the destruction which now threatens them and making them a great and permanent source of wealth to the people of the Dominion.

Another important problem before the Council is hydro-electric power and its uses. The project has been carried forward to a high state of efficiecy in Canada, especially in Ontario. This province has no coal, but electric power is an adequate substitute. Probably no provinces in the world have been naturally blessed with such vast quanti-

Dr. A. B. Macallum

Sir Geo. E. Foster

ties of water-power as those of Canada. Cataracts abound on numerous voluminous rivers in almost every section. Hydro-power has other uses than for supplying electricity. At Niagara Falls, Ontario, cyanamide works have been established, from which thousands of tons of fertilizer are produced each year. Most of the output, however, goes to the Southern United States, to the cotton fields, where it is in great demand. This country has already been threatened with the withdrawal by the United States of coal supplies. The rapidly increasing consumption in the United States may necessitate this. In any case Canada's electric power requirements are rapidly overtaking the supply, and should the nation be prevented from importing coal from the United States, the need will be immediate and insistent. This is a problem that, the Council thinks, needs attention, not merely that the country may have plenty of power, light and heat from water, but that the agricultural industry may be provided with fertilizer to maintain the productive power of the soil. By means of hydro-electric power nitrogen can be extracted from the atmosphere in abundance and at a low cost, and Canada has the water power with which to propagate the industry on a comprehensive scale.

Canada has its coal deposits, but they are far from Ontario. Furthermore, while the coal fields of the western prairies are fabulously large, the coal is of low-grade in its present state. It is lignite, possessing relatively low heating power, and hence is of little use for manufacturing purposes. The Council has investigated the matter and believes that by a special treatment there may be produced from this lignite two grades of high class briquetted fuel, one similar to anthracite, or hard coal, and the other resembling soft coal in character. At the same time valuable by-products may be secured. The Department of Mines and the Commission of Conservation have already carried out a good deal of investigation in connection with this problem and the former department is now making some further studies for the Council. If they give satisfactory results, the Council will advise that an experiment to turn out this high-grade fuel on a commercial scale be started and the possibility of producing this fuel at a cost considerably lower than

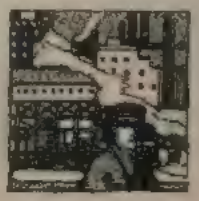
that at which coal from the United States is now laid down in Manitoba and Saskatchewan be demonstrated on a large scale and the coal actually placed on the market. With an abundant supply of good, cheap fuel the conditions of life on the great plains in winter will be much improved.

An important recent departure in Ontario, as a result of the invention of an improved method of recovering potash from feldspar, is occupying the attention of the Council. If the Council recommends the invention to the Government, and there is every indication that it will, a commercial revolution will be the result. Canada has valuable deposits of feldspar in practically all the provinces. Dikes are found in Labrador, Quebec, Ontario, the Northwest Provinces and British Columbia, and they are of high grade and rich in potash, the percentage running in the more important deposits from 8 to over 16 per cent. potash. Heretofore most of the supply of potash of North America has come from Germany. Germany has also profited by her feldspar deposits in the manufacture of pottery. The time approaches, it is believed, when the Allies and the United States will no longer be dependent on Germany for supplies. Potash is one of the best fertilizers known.

The feldspar industry of Canada has been carried on on a limited scale in the past. Some 20,000 tons was the Country's high record yearly output. The industry has been chiefly centered near the Ottawa River, on both sides. The biggest reduction plant is located at Parhum, north of Kingston, and the feldspar deposits are close by, at Verona and Bedford. Another small plant operates during one period of the year on the Villeneuve property some distance from Hull, Quebec. Most of the feldspar is exported to the United States where it is made into pottery. The domestic consumption is about 2,500 tons annually, the use being for pottery, enamel ware, abrasive wheels, roofing and artificial stone. Another use for feldspar is dental spar. It is also an important element in cement. It was in connection with a cement plant that a successful process of recovery of potash from feldspar was invented." The commercial recovery of potash will render the feldspar industry profitable and the expectation is that, with Government encouragement, plants will spring up wherever deposits occur in quantity and of suitable grade. A valuable deposit occurs at tidewater in Eastern Quebec, another near Parry Sound, Ontario, and there are valuable dikes exposed in the Rocky Mountains and elsewhere.

The refining of other minerals found in Canada in quantity, has been largely carried on outside the country. This is an economic loss to Canadians, and it is the purpose of the Council to put a stop to it in future as far as possible. The minerals include zinc, nickel, mercury and the more precious metals, tungsten, molybdenum and platinum. Already a zinc refining plant has been established in British Columbia on a successful basis and the prospects are that this will be followed by others. Since the war broke out ore deposits, rich in both molybdenum and tungsten, have been reported to the authorities. Methods of recovering these are under consideration. The assistance of science may be especially valuable in connection with Canada's minerals. Ores which contain the country's chief minerals, gold, silver, nickel, copper, iron, lead, feldspar etc., are impregnated with a variety of other minerals and chemicals, such as cobalt, sulphur, arsenic and others too numerous to mention. Most of them have great commercial value and if they can be severally recovered for the market they will multiply the profits of industry.

The Council's activities are comprehensive. One thing that will be brought to bear upon the country's resources is the national, university and private laboratories. The Council is coordinating these, preventing overlapping and applying them to the most practical uses. The Council is calling to its aid the private and public libraries. Literature dealing with the problems in hand will be rendered available both to students and practical men. The Council will study the man-power of Canada and where genius and skill are shown they will be given every opportunity to apply themselves in a practical manner in the laboratories and manufactories of the Dominion. Every process brought to the attention of, or discovered by, the Council will be given an adequate trial. Meanwhile the most practical and pressing problems are receiving instant attention All possibilities for extension and expansion will be realized and every agency will be so coordinated that a community of interest will be built up. Knowledge, mutual helpfulness and consequent prosperity will spread from coast to coast. Studentships and scholarships will be instituted that men and women of ability may pursue studies and research work in their special lines and thus become experts. Rewards have been offered for discoveries, such as commercial radium deposits, and every encouragement will be given for discoveries such as processes of manufacture. The energy of the whole Empire has been concentrated on the manufacture of numerous varieties of war materials. Plants have been established to this end. When peace comes the larger majority of these very materials may be utilized for peaceful pursuits at least in some degree, and it is the determination of the Council that as little as possible of the capital expended strictly for war requirements shall be wasted.



The cooperative research scheme is Empire wide. The whole Empire, as well as each individual member, shall coordinate its forces. By this means each section will become self-subsistent, as far as is possible, and the Empire, standing together, will become, commercially, practically independent of the rest of the world. Such a scheme does not necessarily involve any suggestion of hostility towards outside nations in economic relations, but that the Empire and every part of it shall supply its own needs and sell to, rather than purchase from, other peoples.

Press-Agenting a Paganini

By Marian MacClelland

Illustrated by Franklin Booth

ISAACS had been warned by the European agent with whom he had closed the contract that the "Second Paganini," as Monti, the young Italian violin virtuoso, had been hailed by the foreign press, had all the vagaries of musical genius in general, with a few Latin idiosyncrasies thrown in.

"Watch him like a cat the day of the first concert," wrote Isaacs' informant. "He'll be on the verge of nervous collapse. There's no knowing when he'll whip out his hypodermic and begin squirting morphine into himself. One squirt will steady him. More than that, and he'll go to pieces. Take the needle from him even if you have to use force, or you'll never get him to the concert hall, let alone onto the stage."

The young violinist, whose exploitation Isaacs had undertaken, had set Italy on fire, and, most remarkable of all, made London sit up and, for the moment, forget the classical traditions of Joachim. In fact, it was a London audience which had been roused to such enthusiasm, that when he tucked his fiddle under his chin and played the Paganini G-string arrangement of the Prayer from Rossini's Moise, it had detached the horses from his carriage and drawn him in triumph to his hotel. Moreover, Conway—James Conway, the famous English violin collector, of course—had been moved to take the famous Paganini "Strad" from his cabinet and had himself placed it in young Monti's hands, not as a gift, it is true, but as a loan for an indefinite period.

It was this episode of the Paganini "Strad," together with the popular acclamation of Monti as the "Second Paganini," and, most important of all, a certain resemblance in his photographs to the accepted likenesses of Paganini himself, that had led Isaacs to consider the possible availability of the young virtuoso for a tour of the American continent. He put little faith in London musical opinion, and was aware that a virtuoso might fire all Europe without igniting a spark in America. But the "Strad," his appellation of the "Second Paganini," and a look of the great fiddler in the photographs of Monti, set him to deep and earnest thinking.

Isaacs had been a press-agent before he became a concert manager, and he still considered every enterprise, before going into it, from the press-agent's point of view.

Unless he could see a lot of good newspaper stuff in the attraction he was asked to handle, he "cut it out." But with his Baxter Street temperament and his Broadway imagination, he now had visions of himself "working the press" in a series of "stories" about the "Second Paganini" and the Paganini "Strad." Why not even go further and work the prevalent psychological fad by hinting that Monti played Paganini so well because he was none other than Paganini himself, a reincarnation of the great violinist. Any one might know this by observing and listening to him when his bow passed like a magician's wand over the strings, evoking music such as had not been heard since the mortal remains of the epoch-making master of the violin had been laid at rest in Genoa! How eagerly the great and gullible American press would take the hook if baited with such a story, properly attested and cleverly written. Isaac knew what that meant in increased box-office receipts

Swiftly pushing up a sleeve he jabbed a needle into his forearm

Isaac was not one of the small fry among concert managers, whose chief function it is to "get up" debuts for aspiring, but mistaken, young men and women—chiefly women—who think they have a "call." When the notion to do something struck him, he did it quickly. Money flew. If it came back with big profits, well and good. If it flew out of sight, why good-bye, and better luck next time. This, by the way, was "next time." The long-haired pianist on whom he had banked the previous season had not been a success, which greatly puzzled the manager. All other long-haired pianists whom he had managed had made money for him. But whether Monsieur Kimowski's hair had been too long, or just not long enough, Isaacs never could tell—the discriminating American public is so extremely critical in such matters. In consequence, however, his present gamble on the young Italian virtuoso represented all of the money that he had left. It was "make or break" for him.

This it was that had made the day just passed—the day of Monti's debut—the most desperate in his whole experience as a manager. He had taken his cue from the warning sent him by his European agent and had literally watched the violinist like a cat. What a day! There had been but one circumstance to relieve in any way the strain on his nerves. For on the mantel-shelf, and evidently placed there by Monti himself, Isaacs had observed a print copied from the only existing daguerreotype of Paganini. It was a full length, the figure tall, emaciated, in quaintly cut clothes, a nose curved like the beak of a bird of prey, huge hands with claw-like fingers—"talons." Fetis had called them—holding the violin in position, the bow poised for the stroke, truly a wonderfully vivid piece of portraiture, full of action and showing that uncanny look which all of Paganini's biographers write about at length.

There was a silence, one of those breathless climaxes of rapture, then the rush of the storm

"The pale, cadaverous face on which genius, sorrow and hell had engraved their lines," wrote Heine—and there it was in the daguerreotype

It was elsewhere, too, For Isaacs noted, and chuckled to himself as he did so, that he had not been mistaken when he thought he detected a look of Paganini in the photographs of Monti It was even quite plain to him that the young virtuoso had become aware of it and had studiously emphasized certain points of resemblance between the wizard of the violin and himself, so that the effect, even if on a slighter physical scale, at least suggested a likeness to the daguerreotype. Monti was neither as tall nor as painfully thin as Paganini, has been described, but there were similarities of which he had been shrewd enough to take advantage. To begin with, his clothes were of old-fashioned cut, as if, in spite of his youth, he desired to date himself from a prior generation. His nose, although not so pronounced as Paganini's, was sufficiently aquline to recall it, and it protruded prominently from a thin, pale face on which early poverty and privation had left deep lines. His fingers were long and thin, his hair was jet black, and his eyes shone with the restless, roving light of genius

Moreover, there was a general suggestion of the uncanny about him, the best thing of all from Isaacs' point of view. For the manager recalled countless stories about Paganini, in which the violinist figured as none other than the devil himself taken to fiddling. Paganini's music—the famous "Capriccios," the "Bell" rondo, the concertos with their inexorable demand for flawless technique and purity of tone, from the deepest notes of the instrument to weird harmonics in the highest register —were the grand features of Monti's repertoire.

Yet, as a whole, the day had been a wretched one. Isaacs considered himself fairly familiar with that very uncertain thing, the temperament artistic. As a manager he had endured some curious manifestations of it, but never anything so abnormal as with Monti. He was used to the nervousness which artists exhibit on the day of their debut. The almost unvarying signs were extreme exhilaration, alternating with paralyzing trepidation, and a thousand-and-one eager questions about musical conditions in this country, American audiences, their manner of showing favor or the reverse, and the standard of American criticism. Usually, too, when the strain was at its height, a singer would relieve the tension by a series of vocal skyrockets or solfeggios, or a pianist would go to the piano and run over part of the evening's program in fitful, spasmodic fashion.

But Monti ! Never in his experience had Isaacs assisted at such utter dejection. It was as if the violinist had gone completely to pieces under the strain; and by the time the afternoon had worn on toward early evening, he was a wholly pitiable object. The few words he had spoken had been monosyllables, and these were in reply to questions asked by Isaacs in futile efforts to start conversation by way of relieving the cheerless situation. Thus the only satisfaction he could gain from his session with Monti was to glance from the virtuoso to the portrait of Paganini and note the resemblance. Yet even this satisfaction dwindled before the question that arose in his mind as to whether such an utterly wretched looking object as the virtuoso was at the moment could be dragged to the concert hall, to say nothing of being expected to play. His appearance hardly could be explained by anything short of a complete nervous breakdown.

As Isaacs, beset by these doubts, looked at him, he was further alarmed by a dull, glowering light in the virtuoso's eyes, deep sunken in their sockets. It seemed as if he felt he was being watched and sullenly resented it. Suddenly Monti bounded to his feet and, darting for the mantel-shelf, seized something that flashed in the light and swiftly pushing up a sleeve jabbed a needle into the fleshy part of the forearm. Before the violinist could repeat this Isaac was upon him. But like a slippery eel he eluded the manager. Scrambling over chairs, dodging behind tables, he led the chase around the room till, as if maddened by Isaacs' determined pursuit, he suddenly turned and made a quick pass at him. Isaacs put out a warding hand, felt a sharp pain in his extended palm, and, drawing it back, found the needle sticking in it, while from behind a chair Monti regarded him with an impish leer.

Angrily Isaacs drew the needle out of his hand, bent and twisted it, and threw it out of the window. After this a curious change came over Monti. From his chair he peered at Isaacs with an occasional twitching of the lips and a

And from that violin issued sounds rich, exquisite, glorious

wink, as if he and the manager had been partners in something highly reprehensible, whereas all Isaacs had done had been to prevent an uncanny specimen of the genus virtuoso from squirting himself so full of morphine that the debut, which the musical world was awaiting with such impatience, would have ended in the disgrace of a non-appearance and in bankruptcy.

There was, however, less tension in the present situation. Isaacs even was sensible of an agreeable lassitude that began to creep over him, a feeling of relaxation which, after the exciting episode he had just passed through, diffused an atmosphere of optimism and geniality about him and even imparted a roseate hue to the room where before there had been only the glare of the electric lamps. Monti took up his violin.. Not a note from this instrument, the same from which the great Paganini had drawn magic tones, had Isaacs heard. Monti had attended no rehearsals, but had contented himself with sending to the conductor of the orchestra a copy of the accompaniments with minute directions regarding tempi and expression. Even now he simply ran his fingers over the strings—long, thin fingers, like spider's legs weaving a web of silence. Yet Isaacs seemed to hear strange harmonies, like ethereal voices calling from afar. Or were they distant chimes? And then he became aware that a clock was striking the hour at which it was imperative they should leave for the hall.

* * * * * *

Just how they got there always remained a mystery to Isaacs. He simply found himself sitting in the artists' room and the conductor of the orchestra was bowing out the "Second Paganini" on his way to the stage. Isaacs had an indistinct idea that he himself should be doing something, saying something—in fact asserting himself in some way. But an inertia that positively was luxurious reconciled him to an unaccustomed lack of authority and freedom from responsibility. The room became delightfully warm and hazy, and a delicious sensation of drowsiness crept over him. He closed his eyes. After a long, long time, and as if in a dream, it seemed to him that he heard music. It was an orchestral tutti, perhaps the prelude to one of Monti's solos. Yes! For now he heard an exquisitely clear, yet wan and pathetic note trembling on the distant air like the vox humana of a celestial organ. It slowly dawned on Isaacs that the concert on which he had staked everything was going on, might indeed have been going on for some time without his knowing it, and that that weirdly beautiful note was being played by his violinist. And somehow, but how was not entirely clear to him, he no longer was in the artists' room, but had reached the curtained loggia from where unobserved, he could see the stage and the audience.

The conductor, the orchestra were in their places, the former beating time, but both he and the players, whenever they could raise their eyes from their desks, looked in mingled awe and wonderment toward the front of the stage. Isaacs followed the direction of their eyes, and there he saw a violin, the violin, the Paganini "Strad." Long, claw-like fingers were creeping, climbing, sliding over it. The strings, the whole body of the instrument were in tense vibration. Through the limpid varnish—that secret which died with the last of the Cremonese masters—the exquisite tracings in the grain of the wood were visible all a-tremble, like so many nerve tendrils, under the stress of highly wrought emotion. The graceful edges of the *f* holes showed a faint blur, a tremor so rapid that the most delicate instrument could not have recorded it.

And from that violin there issued sounds rich, exquisite, glorious; sounds vibrant with human emotion in all its gradations, from half-suppressed sobs to cries of anguish, from first sighs of love to songs of triumph and rapture. Tone-pictures formed themselves—moonlit mountains of the North, wind-swept prairies of the West, sunbursts of the South, languorous twilights of the East, hanging gardens of Babylon, ocean surges pouring over the last peak of vanishing Atlantis, mysterious rites of long-ruined temples in forgotten jungles, pageantry of dead races, dream women in vistas who swooned with the perfume of myriads of flowers, everything beautiful the world ever has known or dreamed of, everything, everything, everything, shaping itself in sound, only to dissolve like pictures thrown upon clouds!

And the audience! Isaacs saw women, their eyes suffused with tears; a man unconsciously tearing his programme into bits and letting them flutter into the aisle beside him; young girls holding hands and gazing far into the distance the music was creating for them; a famous sculptor groping in the air with his fingers, as if striving to model what he heard; an artist who had come to sketch a portrait of the virtuoso sitting there, his pad on his lap, his pencil poised for the stroke that never came because he was revelling in sounds that stirred his soul; the blond critic, his head bowed low, listening, listening, listening, listening intently, as if he, who had followed everything in music for a quarter of a century, never had heard aught so wonderful.

All this Isaacs heard and saw like one in a trance. On and on went that marvelous violin like a voice from another world, till at last it seemed to expire in a low, half-broken sob, then a glissando of weird harmonics, as if the strings were spun moonlight kissed by the ray of a star; then the G string, the lowest note of the instrument, vibrating with the moan of a lost soul—and the music ceased.

There was a silence, one of those breathless climaxes of rapture. Then

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The Song of the March Wind

By T. A. Daly

I AM the minstrel, the maker of mirth,
And the forest my harp is;
From the fibres asleep in the heart of the earth,
Where its woof and its warp is,
I fashion the Spring
With the song that I sing!

I, that am breathed of the mouth of my God,
Am His music in motion;
And His breath on my wings shakes the slumbering sod
And the floor of the ocean;
And I fashion the Spring
With the song that I sing!

I am the breath of your nostrils, O! man,
And akin to your spirit;
But our God's voice was mine ere your singing began,
So rejoice when you hear it,
For I bring you the Spring
With the song that I sing!

"When the Sap Begins to Stir"

By Estelline Bennett

Illustrated from Photographs

There is a unique zest in tapping the sunny side of the great tree, driving in the wooden spouts, and if the day be warm, watching the sap begin to flow in a thin, silvery stream

MAPLE sugar is as distinctly North American as Indian corn and war bonnets with eagle feathers. It is unknown any place in the world outside of Canada and the United States, and the early-spring "sugaring-off festival" which closes the sugar camps in Algonquin Provincial Park is distinctly a North American fete.

It is perhaps more of a Canadian holiday than native to the United States, because the trees that stand stark and grey above the sugar camps, a few weeks later fling out through all the woods Canada's national emblem — the maple leaf.

Both in Canada and the United States, the process of making maple sugar was learned from the Indians, and never has been transplanted to any of the countries of Europe. Maple syrup an absolute essential to the American with his waffles and griddle cakes, is unknown abroad. A dozen or more years ago a traveler brought home word of a little shop, a Canadian shop, in London—the only one in the city—where maple sugar was sold, but the only purchasers were Canadians and Americans

No one knows how old is the process of making maple sugar. The Indians were slipping through the woods on their snow shoes, tapping the trees, boiling the sap over open fires, and hardening the sugar in the snow before Jacques Cartier or Champlain or Columbus turned their sailing vessels toward the west. Maple sugar held such high place in the affections of the Indians that the first sap after the trees were tapped was sacrificed by the medicine men to the Great Spirit. And so proficient were they in making the syrup and sugar that comparatively little has been added to the methods the Indians taught the white men.

A sugar camp is still a sufficiently primitive thing to seem half a play thing and is scarcely less attractive than a summer camp frankly for pleasure. And for him who goes first into the bush as I went that snowy spring into the sugar-camp in Algonquin Park, at sugar making season, the sight of the shanty erected in the middle of the clearing, the huge black kettle set up on a circle of stones, and the long rows of shallow pans of sheet iron arranged over rudely constructed furnaces of boulders is a novel and fascinating picture. He finds as I found, a unique zest in going about on snow shoes tapping the sunny side of the great trees with the inch augers, driving in the wooden spouts, and — if the day be warm — watching the sap begin to flow in a thin, silvery stream before all the spouts are set and the pails ready. There is the distinct thrill of artistic creation in the boiling down process that begins the second day

when the man with the low sled and barrel has collected the sap and poured it into the big kettle over the fire of dry boughs. It requires nice judgment and the skill of an expert to know when the sap has boiled down to the precise stage when it must be dipped out into the pans to be boiled again until it is thick and syrupy, and to know the precise moment—no sooner and no later—when it should be dipped into tubs for the "sugar-sand" to settle out. The syrup must then go back into the pans to be boiled again until it hardens in the snow.

It is the custom in Canada's sugar woods to make a real picnic festival of the "sugaring-off". "That is one thing the pale-face does differently from his Indian teacher," said the old woodsman to me as we sat in the glow of the camp-fire in Algonquin Park, watching the sap boil, "the Indian braves built the fires under the kettles but the squaws did all the rest of the work. Now the pale-face men do all the heavy work and the women come into camp for the fete." They make it a festival indeed with piled up lunch baskets; and many a romance has grown up around the camp fire in the bush where the merry-makers tell stories at night and make candy by hardening the maple syrup in the snow. There is even a story of a wedding celebrated before the fire in a sugar-camp. One man tells of how he won his wife because he knew the difference between real maple syrup and that made from corn cobs and kane. But now that she is a safely married woman, the wife explains that he really couldn't tell the difference but that she, behind her father's back, indicated the right saucer by means of an old piece of broken mirror, Nevertheless, those who have made sugar in camp in the very early spring, are not easily fooled by corn cobs kane or any other substitution of an ingenious chemist.

This "Sugaring-Off Festival" comes while the snow is still under the Canadian maple trees and the snow shoe is the only sure smooth way into the woods. It is somewhere between the French-Canadian's two great celebrations, that of their patron, St. Joseph, and the grand national holiday in honor of St. Jean Baptiste's Day, and out of it has come not only romance and a great home industry which perhaps some day may grow into something bigger when Europe has learned the charm of maple sugar, but also the distinctive national sweetmeat of French Canada. It was when the Quebecois went back to their homes from the sugar camps of Algonquin Park and other forest wonderlands and remembered the flavor of the maple syrup hardened into a confection on the snow in the woods in the cold young spring that they evolved a little more elaborate but very similar candy.

They call it "sucre a la creme" and it is made of one cup of scraped maple sugar and two cups of thick cream boiled together in a saucepan until it forms large bubbles or hardens in water. It is then stirred, taken from the stove, and beaten until it thickens. Chopped nuts are sometimes added just before it is taken from the fire. It is poured into a buttered mould and sliced when cold. It is served as a sweet on all Quebec tables and is the favorite confection of all French-Canadians, young and old.

Any plan for utilizing all the resources of the Dominion should include the increasing of the maple sugar industry. The average yearly crop in Canada is valued at $2,500,000. At the present time there are some 55,000 Canadian farmers making maple sugar or syrup in commercial quantities, the average output for each being annually about $45.00. This is a mere fraction of the amount that might be made, for on the average not over one-fourth of the trees owned by the 55,000 farmers are tapped and there are large numbers of farmers who have maples in their wood lots which are not tapped at all. In addition to this, there are along almost every concession line in older Ontario roadside maples that are capable of producing at least enough syrup and sugar for home use. The work of tapping

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It is the custom in Canada's sugar woods to make a real picnic festival of the "sugaring-off"

The Gregory Morton Mystery

By Charles Cabot

Illustrated by Percy Edward Anderson

Synopsis.

A smartly dressed young man, seated upon a bench under a sturdy old shade tree, arose suddenly, stretched himself and asked, "Where am I?"

"Just one moment and I will bring Dr. Berry" the one addressed finally managed to stutter.

"Dr. Berry—hospital—guard—why am I here? What is my name? Where did I come from?" The young man looked wistfully after the guard. He could remember nothing about himself. Dr. Berry told him that his name was Andrew Meiklejohn and that he had been employed as a house painter when he had suffered a fall. Whoever he was, the young man knew that Dr. Berry was lying. He was convinced of this when later that day Dr. Berry gave him drugged food. Confined in a small upper room of what he figured was a sanitarium, the patient set to work to figure out a method and avenue of escape. Finding paper in a drawer, he spent more than an hour in writing. Hiding his manuscript under the mattress he settled down to await developments. Dr. Berry came within a few minutes to enquire regarding his health and to order him for a walk in the park surrounding the sanitarium. The doctor wanted to read the manuscript. This was exactly what the patient wanted—to be released from the building and out in the open, even if under a heavy guard. By means of some Oriental tricks—where he had learned them, he could not remember—the patient overpowered his two guards, took what money they had, jumped over the wall and was once more a free man. Taking train back to New York City, the patient wandered about for several days and finally wound up at Coney Island where chance gave him a job as a piano player at a "board walk" cafe.

Here is recognized and captured by Duggleby who apparently is determined to return the patient to the sanitarium. A French doctor whom he had befriended comes to the rescue and takes him into his car.

CHAPTER X.

MONSIEUR BARRAS.

I EXPECTED my rescuer to begin at once to ply me with questions, and somewhat wearily I rallied my wits to answer them. I soon found, however, how far I had underrated the tact and he consideration of the French doctor.

"Oh, of course, I am curious," he said, as if he had read my thoughts, "but my curiosity can wait. You're not to talk at all until I give you leave. Just lean back and take it easy."

I was only too glad to obey him, and I never even looked out to see where we were going, until at last the car stopped at what appeared to be his destination. Then I laughed a little.

"Well?" said the doctor, turning to me interrogatively.

"I think I know this hotel," said I. "I happened to give it as my address to a pawnbroker two weeks ago. Why the words came into my head then, or why I recognize it now, I don't know."

A liveried lackey was opening the door for us, but the doctor, who was sitting nearest the door, did not at once descend. He leaned forward first and spoke to the chauffeur, addressing him in French:

"You may tell the consul-general with my compliments," he said, "that you are unquestionably a jewel of the first water. There is no doubt in my mind that he has in his employ the finest automobile-driver in America. When I see him to-morrow I shall dilate on that theme at length." With these words, he handed the man a gold piece.

"You are quite right," I said in confirmation. "I never saw such a piece of driving in my life."

Once he had me safe in his room and settled in an easy chair, the doctor ran his hands over me with a practised touch, then rang for his valet. He absolutely forbade me to attempt any explanations or ask any questions whatever. He and the valet between them got me out of my rags, into a warm bath, and thence to bed, and I must have been asleep before my head fairly touched the pillow.

The next thing I knew it was broad day. The doctor, standing with his back to me, was gazing meditatively out of the window. When I spoke to him he wheeled around, cast a brief though searching glance over me, and remarked:

"No need to ask you how you are. Do you realize that you are an extremely resilient young man?"

"I will confess to being a hungry one," said I.

"Naturally," he observed, "since it is three o'clock in the afternoon."

He promptly telephoned for luncheon ordering it served in his sitting-room, and until I had finished eating it, did most of the talking himself, amusing me greatly with his impressions of his brief visit to America, with conversation about everything under the sun, in fact, except of myself.

I was aware all the time that nothing I said or did escaped his close, intelligent scrutiny, but the manner of it made it pleasant rather than otherwise.

When at last, clad in a suit of his silk pajamas and a Japanese kimono, I leaned back in my easy chair and lighted one of his exquisite cigarettes, he brought the subject of our conversation suddenly around to myself.

"I admit," he said, "that at eleven o'clock last night I thought myself too old and too wise ever to hope to find another completely insoluble enigma, but you have baffled me at every point. Every theory that I have formed concerning you has promptly broken down. I am as excited about you as a ten-year-old boy about a box of chemicals. Are you going to be able to solve yourself?"

"No," said I; "I hoped you were going to do it for me. But it won't take me very long to tell you all I know. I mean that literally," I went on. "All I know, every memory, every conscious memory that is inside my head, I can tell you in the course of an hour."

"Good," said the doctor. "Go ahead."

I was about to begin my narrative when I thought of something better.

"In one of the pockets of that vile bundle of rags you stripped me of last night you will find the whole thing written down. I did that because I no longer regard my memory as a safe depository."

"Written in English?" asked the doctor quickly.

"Yes," said I, "I had no idea I could talk French until I heard you speaking it."

"Better and better," said the doctor, and in two minutes he was lost in the eager perusal of the manuscript which makes up the first chapters of this story of mine.

For perhaps a quarter of an hour after he had finished reading, he sat in a profound abstraction, smoothing out the pages of my manuscript with his

nervous fingers. It was with a good deal of difficulty that I suppressed the questions that were trembling on my lips. At last he looked up at me with a smile of singular charm.

"I have asked a great deal of you," he said at last, "and have given very little in return. Nothing, in fact, beyond what you may have inferred and what small information you could get from my visiting-card. That told you that I am a physician.

"I may add," he said with some hesitation, "that I am a man of some reputation as a scientific investigator; that my studies have been along the line of abnormal psychology, diseases of the mind from the most serious and fatal to the—no, I cannot use the word 'trifling' regarding any of them.

"And you will not misunderstand me, I hope, nor think it indicates any lack of sympathy for you as a human being in deep distress, when I say that as a 'case' you give promise of being one of the most curious and stimulating in all my experience. I am absolutely delighted with you."

He shot a quick glance into my face to detect, if possible, the effect of his words.

"You want to ask me something," he said. "Go ahead."

"You can guess, I think," said I, "after reading that manuscript of mine. Am I mad, indeed, or am I sane? In trying to find out the identity of the man I was, am I pouring water into a sieve?"

"Am I to live in incessant dread of the same obliterating hand that has once been laid upon me?"

His eyes glowed with purely human sympathy. I was not a case to him then; I was a man, I felt sure of that; yet his manner when he spoke was quite detached, quite impersonal.

"In the first place," he said, "as you sit there talking to me now, the machinery of your mind works as perfectly as mine. It has worked absolutely without a flaw from the first moment of our acquaintance. This manuscript in my hand shows a far more normal mind than that of many a man high in the world's affairs.

"Your handwriting, all your physical reactions that I have had the opportunity of observing, are those of a man in perfect health of mind and body. You may be sure I should not have taken you so completely into my confidence regarding your own case if this were not true."

"Then," I said, "you pronounce me a perfectly sane, normal man?"

He laughed.

"If you were that," said he, "I should have no interest in you at all, except as an exceedingly pleasant acquaintance whom I have been instrumental in rescuing from embarrassment. I cannot pretend for a moment that you are normal.

"You recognized this building instantly when we stopped before it last night. Have you any recollection of ever having been here before? You remarked that my friend's chauffeur had done the finest piece of driving that you had ever seen. Can you recall a single instance when you have ever ridden in a moror-car before last night?

"You recognized the faces of Messieurs Duggleby, the face of the woman in the cab, and yet your own, which you see in the mirror every day, is totally unfamiliar. Yet your mind, in dealing with affairs of the present, is sane enough, perfectly enough balanced to make it safe for you to face the situation as it stands."

"And do you believe," I asked, "that I shall ever succeed in putting these two parts of myself together?"

"Oh, let us not ask for prophecies," he said, "nor look for miracles. It's much healthier to look back over the progress you have already made. Think how much you have learned by sheer observation and deduction in little more than two weeks, the time that has elapsed since you asked that first question of the man who was dozing at the other end of the bench in Dr. Berry's asylum.

I was surprised and somewhat amused to find how deep the transformation was

"Now," he went on, "listen to what I have to propose: I want, with your permission, to make your case my life-work until I have solved it. I am returning to France in two or three days; on Wednesday, to be exact. I wish to take you with me. I cannot remain here, nor, so long as that very resourceful young M. Duggleby is at large, can you remain here either with safety.

"Besides that, I am strongly inclined to think that in France you will find more of the materials which go to make up your lost past than you can discover in America. I reached that conclusion largely, though not entirely, from the perfection of your French speech. I have an extremely sensitive ear, yet not a sentence, an idiom, an inflection of yours, has ever rung false upon it."

I was profoundly moved.

"I did not know there was such kindness in the world," said I. "Yet, I am afraid I cannot do as you suggest."

He wheeled upon me suddenly:

"As you are a sane man, *monsieur*, give me a reason, one serious reason."

"There is an obvious one," said I. "I have no money."

He frowned with the first appearance of displeasure he had shown.

"I am not drumming up trade," he said. "I have the good fortune to be rich."

I was silent.

"Ah! the lady in the cab!" said he.

I nodded feebly.

"Duggleby is her enemy as well as mine," said I, "and after the display of his resources with which he favored us last night, I dread more than ever leaving her to the machinations of himself and that precious father of his."

"Answer me," said the doctor with a smile. "Which of these two weapons would young M. Duggleby find the more formidable—quixotic chivalry or plain common sense? How much tangible service can you render that lady in your present condition?

"It is not you as you stand today; it is your lost self, the self you must find, who will be able to be of assistance to her. If you remain here and permit your enemy to turn you over into the hands of a villain who calls himself a doctor—have you thought of that, my friend—you will leave her defenseless indeed."

He was so clearly right about it that I yielded without further demur. Then he allowed his smiling gaze to travel over me from head to foot.

"A pair of scissors for your hair," he said—"that, my accomplished valet can

furnish at once. Clothing that will have to wait until to-morrow morning when the shops open. Your passage to Paris, that I think I can contrive to engage to-night. What remains?"

"That seems to me a fairly exhaustive catalogue," said I.

"No, no," he said, "there was something else. I had thought of it a moment ago. Ah, I have it. A name!"

He led me over to the mirror.

"*Monsieur*," he said, bowing with playful ceremony, "I do myself the honor to present to you *monsieur*—M. Simon Barras."

"I am honored indeed," said I, bowing to the figure in the glass, "I trust our acquaintance may prove a pleasant one."

"*Soit*," said the doctor.

CHAPTER XI.

SUCH STUFF AS DREAMS ARE MADE OF.

THAT was Sunday. By Tuesday night my transformation from a nameless waif of a Coney Island music-hall into M. Barras, nephew to the famous French physician, was complete.

I was surprised and somewhat amused to find how deep the transformation went. When the Frenchman's valet had skillfully attended to my hair when the tailor, the haberdasher, the boot-maker, had all added their quota to the equipment of a well-to-do young gentleman of France, I found that I felt the part as well as looked it.

The doctor came into my room just before dinner-time on Tuesday evening.

"I have spent two days studying over you at the Astor Library," he remarked.

"Indeed," said I, "I didn't know that the medical library at the Astor—"

"Medical library!" he interrupted. "I have been reading the files of the New York *Planet*, assisted by that useful little volume, the *Planet* Index."

"I see," said I. "You took the name of Duggleby for a clue and worked out from that. You should have let me help you. I could have borrowed a suit of your clothes to go to the Astor in."

"That was exactly what I did not want you to do," he said. "I have already a clue to your identity which I think may lead somewhere, but I would not hint to you what it is for the world."

"I am afraid I fail to understand you," said I, a little puzzled, and possibly just the least bit nettled, too.

"You shall know in good time," he assured me. "Meanwhile, I am anxious to try some experiments. They will be valuable so long as you are relying on your instincts and your memories for the past. The moment you begin to be influenced by the seeming probability that you are this person or that, your instinct will become corrupted by an irresistible tendency to try to make a case, and my experiments will be nearly valueless."

Naturally, I was extremely curious as to what form these experiments would take, but I saw that he did not wish to be questioned on the subject, and resolutely attempted to dismiss all speculation about them from my mind.

His preparations for one of them I could not help observing. We were to sail at one o'clock, yet he asked me to be dressed and ready at eleven. I was sure that this unusual allowance of time was not due to any excessive precaution against our being late.

There were two cars at the entrance when we came out; a limousine with all our luggage piled into it, into which the doctor consigned the valet with instructions to drive straight to the pier, and our own vehicle, which the doctor commanded to drive north. We rolled rapidly up the avenue to the park entrance, crossed over to Broadway, where we rode north to Eightieth Street; turned west again, and finally again north.

The doctor's only instructions to me were to keep my mind as blank as possible, and above all, not to try to remember things or to recognize them. If they came into my mind of my own accord, well and good; but I was not to attempt to push my discoveries further than they would go of themselves.

Finally, at a signal from the doctor, we stopped before a large modern house.

"Come," said he, "I have no great confidence that my friend M. Vidal is at home, but if he is we shall have time for a few minutes' call upon him."

We ascended the steps together and the doctor rang the bell. When the butler opened the door he stepped promptly inside and presented one of his cards together with one of my own. (I may say, in parentheses, that the doctor had not forgotten that detail in the equipment of his new nephew.)

"M. Vidal is at home, is he not?" said the doctor.

The butler looked blank.

"What name did you say, sir?" he asked.

"M. Vidal, M. Hector Vidal," said the doctor in apparent surprise.

"You must have mistaken the address, sir," replied the man respectfully. "He does not live here."

"I have made an extremely stupid blunder," said the doctor. "Thank you."

As he preceded me out of the door I thought I heard him give a short laugh which seemed about equally compounded of amusement and annoyance. A young man was running up the stairs. To my extreme astonishment he was no less a person than my would-be abductor of a few nights previous, young Mr. Duggleby.

He seemed as astonished as I was. Of the three of us, the doctor alone preserved an attitude of perfect composure.

Young Duggleby had only cast the briefest sort of a glance at me and, as was natural enough, had failed utterly to recognize me. He was looking at the doctor with an ironical smile which could not wholly veil a certain grudging admiration.

"This is an unexpected pleasure," he was saying. "Can't I prevail on you to come back into the house, you and your friend?"

With that half-amused smile still on his lips, he turned toward me as he included me in the invitation. The smile disappeared. He stared at me a moment in perfectly blank astonishment, and then, as he recognized me, a look of vindictive hatred spread over his handsome face which made it terrible to see.

The doctor remained quite unmoved. If his hand tightened a little on the walking stick he carried, the action was not perceptible.

"My nephew," he corrected politely, "M. Simon Barras. I am sorry we cannot accept your invitation, sir."

Young Duggleby stood rooted where he was on the steps. We got into our car and began to roll smoothly away. Looking back through the little window we could see him standing there when we rounded the corner, the look of vindictive hatred still upon his face.

"Of course, the object of my experiment is apparent to you now," said the doctor, as we sped on toward the steamer pier, "I wished to see if you recognized the Duggleby house. I was watching you rather closely and I think you did not. Am I right?"

"Yes," said I. "It was quite unfamiliar to me."

"The encounter with M. Duggleby," he went on, "was quite unlooked for. I had even taken the precaution of making sure that he was out of the house before we started."

"Well," said I, "there is no serious harm done, is there?"

"I am not sure," said the doctor thoughtfully. "He is a resourceful young man—most resourceful."

I was more than ever inclined to agree with the doctor an hour or two later when, standing on the promenade deck, watching with interest the process of getting the iron leviathan away from her berth, I saw among the crowd on the pier which had assembled to see us off, the figure of the young man. I pointed him out to the doctor.

"Yes," he said thoughtfully, "we are by no means done with him."

We had almost continuous rough weather, but as both the doctor and I were excellent sailors this fact did not detract from our pleasure in the voyage. Indeed, it added to it if anything, for it left the decks pretty much to ourselves, and we had too much to think about

and I'scuss to care much for other companionship.

The doctor and I spent our days either in buffeting with the wind and spray on the weather side of the deck, or in chatting and dozing in our steamer-chairs in a sheltered corner.

I found the light half-slumber, such as one takes in a steamer-chair, more conducive to dreams than the heavier sleep of the night. In fact, my day-dreams soon came to have an almost regular place in our daily program. Some days, for hours at a stretch, I would waken from one dream-adventure, tell it to the doctor, and drift off forthwith into another.

"They are curiously difficult to classify, these reminiscences of yours, whether you're awake or asleep," he said with a puzzled air one day. "You seem to sweep pretty much the whole gamut of society.

"You dream of squalid streets, of hungry children, of lurid places full of smoke and flame and half-naked men toiling in them, and the next moment you jump to what appears from the description to be a French chateau; and you are no better when you are awake. You were sure the Irish pawnbroker knew you, yet you instinctively lived at a very expensive hotel. Oh, it will all fit in, I dare say, but it makes the puzzle a complicated one."

A moment later he asked, quite unexpectedly:

"By the way, do you feel particularly at home aboard ship? I mean, is there anything about marine architecture that strikes you as particularly familiar?"

"You are thinking of the Morton-Duggleby shipyard, I suppose," said I.

"No inferences," he said quickly.

"Well," I said, "I do know my way about, but I fancy my familiarity is no more than a few trips as a passenger in transatlantic liners would give me."

"How did you ever hear of the Morton-Duggleby shipyard?" he asked.

"I read about it in a magazine," said I, "something about building a battleship there, I think."

"Well, don't read any more magazines," he returned almost irritably, "until we get to Paris. The ones you will find there won't do you any harm."

That was our last day out, a much calmer one, by the way, than any we had had previously, and for the first time my view of the horizon was interrupted by a steady procession of passing figures.

The doctor resumed his reading, and presently I dozed off to sleep. The dream that came to me in that half-submerged slumber was one I shall never forget. It was nothing much to tell about, but its amazing vividness and the thing that happened immediately upon my waking from it, are enough to write it indelibly in my memory.

"I have spent two days studying over you at the Astor Library," the doctor remarked

I was in a small, very plainly furnished room—kept with extraordinary neatness—which evidently served as a general living-room for more than one person. A simple supper, with places laid for three, was spread in the center of it, beneath a shaded lamp. I was seated at a small, upright piano in a corner of the room, and at my right hand, and facing me, she sat—the lady of my dreams—the girl whose face I had seen through the cab-window the night I came to New York."

There was an anxious look in her face, and at last, giving over pretending not to notice it, I stopped playing.

"Don't worry about it, Virginia," said I, and that was the first time in all those dreams that ever I had found a name for her. What "it" was I did not have the slightest idea.

"I know," she said, "I shouldn't; at least, I shouldn't let him see that I am worrying about it."

Before I could answer her, we heard a step on the stairs.

"There he comes," she said, and then called out with assumed gaiety:

"Supper's been waiting for you ever so long, father. I am in doubt if I will give you any."

It was an old man who entered, an old man with a long gray beard, and the sight of his face horrified me. It was blazing with anger, but beneath the

anger I could see strongly marked the lines of a great despair.

"They have tried to steal my secret," he cried. "They rifled my laboratory last night."

I wakened at that, and sleepily sat half erect in my steamer-chair. Then with a start I leaned forward, sank back again, and rubbed my hand over my eyes. Had I truly wakened after all?

There, passing right in front of me, was the man with the long, gray beard. A woman was walking beside him, on the side away from me, where I could see no more of her than an elbow and a wind-blown skirt. Trembling so that I could hardly stand, I, nevertheless, managed to get to my feet and look after them.

She was there! Virginia, the woman of my dreams! Unless, indeed, I was dreaming still, or unless—unless I was mad after all.

I turned to the doctor, my face working with uncontrollable agitation.

"Do you see them?" I asked wildly. "Those two figures walking there, an old man and his daughter?"

The girl whose face I had seen through the cab window the night I came to New York

"Yes, certainly I see them," said the doctor quietly. "Why not?"

"And have they been here all the while, passengers on board this ship with us? It is impossible!"

"Not at all," said the doctor. "We are seeing plenty of new faces to-day. The bad weather has kept them below, that's all. Do you recognize them?"

He spoke with as little apparent interest as though we had been talking about the weather, though it would have taken more than a quiet manner to calm the mad whirl of my thoughts just then.

"I was dreaming of them," said I, "dreaming of Virginia and her father, and then I opened my eyes and saw them standing before me."

"Is she the young lady you have dreamed about before?" he asked calmly. Then, as I only stared at him, he added: "You have never told me her name."

I dropped back limp in my chair.

"I suppose I couldn't have told her name before," said I. "It came to me in the dream and I repeated it unconsciously."

From a pocket in his coat, the doctor drew out a passenger list.

"There is a Miss Virginia on board, certainly. Her father's name is Heatherfield. Does that bring anything back to you?"

"No," said I, and my voice broke in a sob of despair.

"Softly, softly," said the doctor. "We are not asking for miracles, you know. When your memories classify themselves and become consistent my task will be done. Be glad of the name you know and don't despair over the one you have forgotten. The fact that you don't know your own doesn't trouble you."

He broke off abruptly, for a deck steward stood before us offering beef tea. I shook my head in refusal, but the doctor ruled otherwise.

"Drink it," he said, "and then get yourself together. I want you composed to try an experiment."

"What is it?" I asked unsteadily, but already I was doing his bidding.

"Simply to indulge in a short promenade here on deck with me," he answered.

As I foresaw, we set out in a direction opposite to that taken by the two figures of my dream, and the object of the experiment was to see if we could detect any corresponding recognition of me. I felt my whole fate was hanging in the balance, the whole question whether I was essentially a sane man or a lunatic. If they knew me, then, of course, I was a sane man. More than that, it would mean that my search for my lost identity was practically at an end.

The other alternative I hardly dared contemplate. If they were to walk past

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The Soul of Maraite

By Beatrice Grimshaw

Illustrated by Charles Sarka

MARAITE, I like do anything you like," said Lililku, the chief. Mrs. Harvey Jamieson tilted back her pink parasol and from under its becoming brim looked at the chief almost as she would have looked at a white man—almost, but not quite. She was thinking that all men, black or white, were amazingly alike in their methods of expressing the early stages of admiration. Had not Harvey himself, whom she had successfully and gloriously married, and all the other men who had "paid attentions" and finally slipped away—had not every one of them begun with the simple statement that "he would do anything for her?"

And here was a—well, a nigger! Certainly a handsome man, clear brown of skin, with six feet three of height, and a pair of shoulders that no white in the Maroro Islands could match, but still. . . a nigger. Here was this . . . nigger . . . saying exactly the same sort of thing in his turn.

It was piquant, Mrs. Harvey Jamieson thought. She was a good Australian and believed from the bottom of her heart (not a very long way down, it is true) in the ideal of a white Australia—that ideal to which the young Australian nation has nailed its colors, and which it is ready to die defending, if need be. But the general feeling against the incursion of niggers, black, brown and yellow, into business, agriculture or society in Australia seemed somehow wanting in particular application here in the Maroro Islands, a very long way from Sydney, with the geranium-colored tropic sunset burning itself out beneath the black-silhouetted fronds of the palms, and the chief Liliku standing on the foam-white coral sand beside her.

The parasol was scarcely needed now. She shut it with a coquettish snap and looked up under her eyelashes at Liliku. She was sitting on the sand, with her white muslin afternoon dress becomingly spread out round er. . .Mrs. Harvey Jamieson always wore ready-made white muslins trimmed with cheap embroidery in the afternoons, and she always tied blue ribbons about her waist. Her name was Gladys. It might have been Doris or Ruby or Muriel, but it happened to be Gladys. It could not have been anything but one of the four. She wore immense pads under her hair, which was quite yellow and quite natural. She used white rose on her handkerchief, and she said "Go on!" when she wished to be sarcastic. Otherwise there was nothing serious to object to in Mrs. Harvey Jamieson.

You would not have minded her bush-girl accent much if you had known her, because her eyes were really very blue indeed, and her upper lip was as short and her eyebrows as close to her hair as if she had been an illustration in a popular magazine. And you would never have been unkind to her, or blamed her overmuch for anything she did or left undone, because you would have felt she was one of the small honeybirds of life, meant only for sweet things and sun, like the little gayly painted creatures that were flitting and twittering about the gold bells of the beach hibiscus behind the yellow head of Gladys and the black, frizzed curls of the chief Liliku.

She said, "Go on!" now, because it was the appropriate reply to what Liliku had said. She did not really mean

"Mrs. Harvey Jamieson, aflame with indignation, slapped Liliku's brown face"

to flirt with a nigger, but there was no harm to the best of white Australians in talking to one, talking in the magic red and amber sunset, with the warm sea murmuring on the white, white sand.

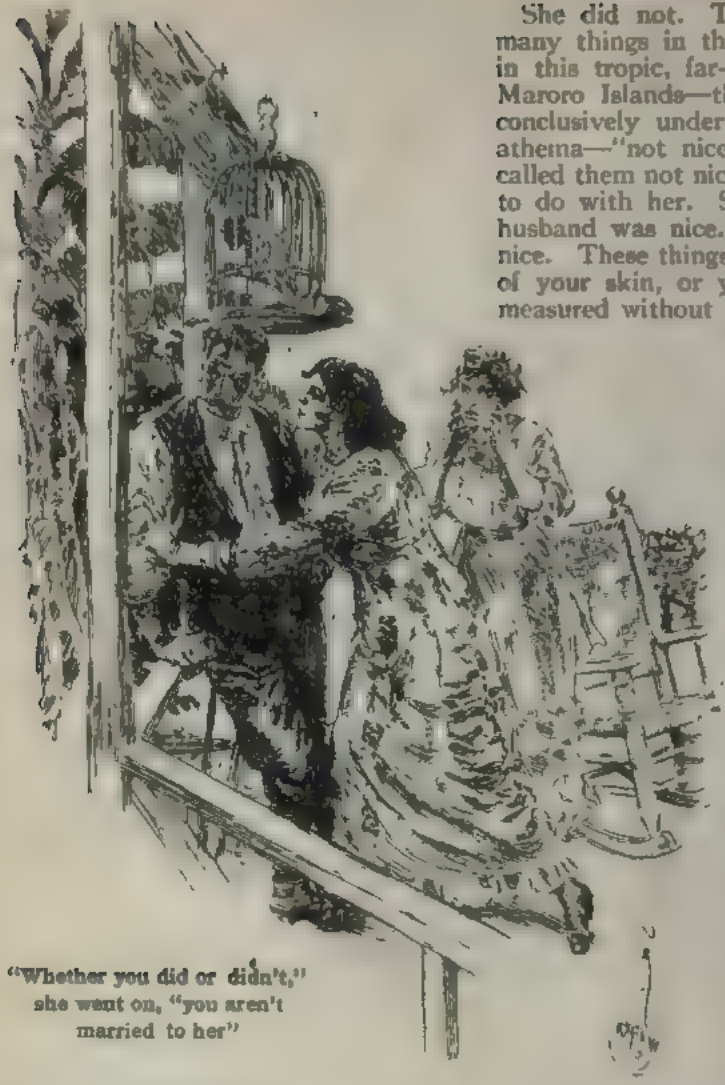
"My grycious, but it brykes on the shore just like people sying something you can't understand!" said Gladys of the yellow hair.

Liliku did not listen to her. He was looking at her, with all the fire of the burning sunset in his great brown eyes. This was not the first time that the "Maraite" (chieftainess) had come down accidentally to meet him on the shore in the quiet hour before sunset, and if the chief—who was a highly educated Maroran with a certain thin veneer of Christianity and a hesitating, occasional belief in his complete equality with the whites—if Liliku, lord of a dozen villages and inheritor of an ancestral thatched palace in the hills, misunderstood the Maraite's motives, he only thought as any other man of his race would have thought under similar conditions.

The truth was that Mrs. Harvey Jamieson found her life in the capital town of Maroro dull at times, and her small social triumphs lacking in savor. Life had gone almost too well with Gladys Munt, orphan, brought up by an "institution" and trained to state-school teaching, since those days in the little bush town of Westralia where she had met, flirted with and finally married Harvey Jamieson, the hemp-estate manager, home on a holiday, whom all the girls of Woollaringa had wanted quite as badly as she did herself.

The absence of a "pretty wedding" had been the only drop of bitter in her cup, for Harvey had proposed to and wedded her after a very brief engagement, during a holiday visit to Perth, where she knew no one, and the registry office marriage had seemed to her a degradation that almost destroyed the pleasure of her triumph. She had no interesting newspaper reports to frame and hang on the drawing-room wall, no bridal photograph, and worst, no wedding presents.

Here in Maroro, where Harvey had brought her almost immediately after



"Whether you did or didn't," she went on, "you aren't married to her"

the marriage, that mattered very little after all. She was pretty, stylish Mrs. Harvey Jamieson, with the completest set of cane and plush furniture, and the largest number of silver bonbon dishes, and the greatest variety of shop-made muslins in the whole group. And she had been to Government House, once to write her name in the book, and once to a garden party that included the whole island, from the Colonial secretary down to Liliku himself. The other women were all more or less jealous of her, and thought she flirted with their husbands—which she didn't, anything to speak of, being really rather fond of her own sandy-mustached Harvey. She had no children; they would have been an unspeakable trouble.

So, at the end of a year of perfect happiness, Mrs. Harvey Jamieson found the world so flatly perfect, that—in short, that she was sitting on the beach in the sunset with the extremely amorous Liliku standing beside her, staring at her with sparkling brown-diamond eyes, and putting a construction on her presence that would have horrified Gladys down to the very soles of her cheap, smart shoes if she had divined it.

She did not. There were a great many things in the world—especially in this tropic, far-away world of the Maroro Islands—that Gladys banned conclusively under one universal anathema—"not nice." When she had called them not nice, they had nothing to do with her. She was nice. Her husband was nice. Her position was nice. These things were like the color of your skin, or your height strictly measured without shoes or extra hair. They were you.

There were women in the islands who were not at all nice. Gladys knew that some of those women even admired and flirted with the handsome brown Maroran men, who were, when all was said and done, a good deal better-looking than most whites. But the cheap, wholesome little soul that had been served out to Gladys at the beginning of all things clung instinctively to the orthodox and normal.

The splendid beauty of Liliku, who might have been placed on a pedestal for succeeding ages to wonder at, just as he stood there in his thin silk shirt and tunic, leaning against the curving bole of a young palm that was not more graceful in its new-sprung strength than he—this had no power to make her heart beat faster by a single throb.

What did attract and interest her was Liliku's undoubted admiration for her. This was, of course, perfectly natural—"the desire of the moth for the star" as some one had said in a novel she had once read. Of course the star didn't take any account of moths; that was not in the nature of stars.

"Maraite, I like do anything you like," said Liliku again, with a tremendous sigh.

It was very gratifying—and he looked quite as Harvey had looked the day he proposed to her, allowing for the difference in color.

"You can bring me flowers if you choose," said Gladys, with another glance.

Liliku tore the scarlet hibiscus blooms out of his hair (like a true Maroran, he went crowned with flowers night and day) and laid them on the sand beside her.

"I give you all the flowers in Maroro. You all same one flower, you-self," he murmured, suddenly dropping to the ground and seating himself near her.

Mrs. Jamieson jumped up; the native must be kept in his place.

"You can send me flowers to the house, I like them there," she said. "I'm going in now, Liliku, it's getting dark."

Liliku jumped up, too, and stood towering over the little bunch of white prettiness, dark, immense and splendid. He was between her and the roadway.

"I think more better," he breathed. "I think more better—you not never going home any more!"

"Liliku, what do you mean—who do you tyke me for?" demanded Mrs. Harvey. "Go awye at once!" She was flushed with indignation. Had the moth actually dared to ask the star to—Oh, was the horrid nigger making love to her?

"You coming awye, I think!" persisted Liliku, in unconscious mimicry of her accent. "You coming awye to my town I great chief you all same queen there you too much beauty girl—Liliku he love!"

Mrs. Harvey Jamieson, aflame with indignation, answered never a word, but stood on tiptoe, slapped Liliku's brown face as hard as she could, kilted her muslins about her ankles, and ran for the house.

It was only a hundred yards away, but she was completely out of breath when she reached it, for she was sobbing with rage all the way as she ran. Liliku did not follow. She mounted the veranda steps unseen in the dusk, ran along the planking with steps that resounded through the whole house, burst into her room, and dropped into a basket chair, storming and crying to herself.

"The nass-ty nigger!" she said. "The ungryteful pig! Just because I talked to him a little to pass away the time—only three times I was down on the shore—and I never said a word, so help me, that Harvey mightn't have been listening to any dye! If he knew he'd—he'd half kill the brute—only I daren't tell him."

She was up by now, still sobbing gustily, but making haste to get ready her evening tea gown, to smooth her hair, to pour water into the bath. Harvey would be back soon from the plantation, and she always liked to look nice for him. Harvey was very fond of her, though they had been married a whole year. He was a good husband, and she had a nice house and a nice position, and perhaps she had been a wicked girl to go down and talk to native chiefs on the shore in the evening. Though, indeed, she "never meant a gryne of harm by it; she was as pure in her mind as an yngel, what-

ever nass-ty niggers might think."

Harvey Jamieson, when he came home that evening, was inclined to think his wife had a touch of malaria, she was so feverishly restless and excited. She looked smaller than usual, too, and very pale, though her eyes were bright. Harvey gave her a stiff whisky and soda, which was his idea of tender attention, and they sat long together on the veranda after dinner, watching the stars dance among the shifting palms. Gladys felt that things were settling down to normal again. It was like coming to sound, safe earth after tossing on a windy sea for half a day. There are souls who love the stormy sea more than the kind green land; there are those who

> In mighty anguish than in trivial ease.
> Live [illegible]

Gladys Jamieson was not of such.

Next morning, when Harvey's horse was brought to the veranda steps at seven o'clock, Mrs. Harvey was there to see him off to the hemp-fields, after his cup of early coffee. She shared it with him, and made herself companionable in the way that Harvey liked—joking, chaffing, jovial. It was something of a strain to her to-day, for she was still a trifle depressed by the events of the day before and by the impossibility of telling them to her husband. Gladys hated secrets, especially between married people, and often had been heard to boast that she and Harvey had "every thought the syme."

He was off at last, however—off on his big bay horse, cantering down the brown road toward the distant streak of clear, glaucous green that showed where the sisal hemp began. Gladys looked at him admiringly as he went. He had the true Australian seat on a horse, and his head was well set on his shoulders. She could not imagine how women who had men of Harvey's race to admire them could ever look twice at—I am afraid Mrs. Harvey called them "black caows of natives." Those three afternoons on the shore spent in drinking cocoanuts and making "revareva" plumes with Liliku loomed up like a positive crime in her mind. She was the best of White Australians to-day.

About four o'clock in the afternoon, Mrs. Harvey Jamieson, clothed in a white muslin eaten up with insertions and infested with baby ribbon, settled herself on the front veranda, with her real porcelain tea set and solid silver teapot in perspective, and waited for callers, although, as the monthly steamer was in to-day, visitors were scarcely to be expected. On steamer days everyone was so busy with mails and parcels that idle visiting was not needed to pass the time. Mrs. Harvey had no mails. She seldom did have any, being almost devoid of near relations; a friendless little soul enough but for the all-sufficing Harvey.

In the intervals of her fancywork—the constructing of a very heavy and clumsy bead hand bag, crude turquoise in color—she looked up and down the long road that led to the bungalow, where the swinging shadows of the great green banana flags were already growing long and thin, and the noble tower

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"Maraite, I like do anything you like"

Canadian Vacations for Canadian Women

By Grace Baylis

Illustrated from Photographs

The whole back country of settled Ontario is one great mass of lakes and streams and forests

THERE never was any country better designed for vacation purposes than this broad Canada of ours. But a suspicion creeps into my mind with the coming of summer each year that as a Nation we do not realize how valuable an asset we have in the forests, lakes and mountains of our big Dominion.

Our cousins to the South appreciate the magnificent holiday territories of Canada far more than we. During the past ten years I have been summering in the various Canadian resorts and I have often found in the hotels and log cabin camps of Algonquin Park, Lake of Bays, Muskoka Lakes, and even in the Tent City, just opened last year, at Jasper Park in the heart of the Canadian Rockies, that nearly seventy-five per cent. of the guests registered were from United States points. From Cincinnati, Philadelphia, Washington, Pittsburg and Chicago there come to our resorts each year, hundreds of business men and women who find in our Ontario Highlands the restful, consoling and rejuvenating holiday that

We run with rushing streams that toss and spume,
We speed or dream upon the open meres;
The pine-woods fold us in their pungent gloom,
The thunder of wild water fills our ears,
The savage vigour of the forest creeps
Into our veins, and laughs upon our lips;
The warm blood kindles from forgotten deeps,
And surges tingling to the finger-tips.

they need. The call of the wild is the still great voice of mother earth herself and if we can escape into the woods and the wilderness for a few weeks or even a few days each year we may obtain that renewal of spirit that will allow us to face our daily tasks and difficulties with the calm confidence that comes from a feeling of well being.

AS I pushed the nose of my canoe over the clear waters of Little Island Lake in Algonquin Park last August, I was hailed by two young Dianas who were camping on a beautiful point jutting out into the lake. Here were two girls, leaders in the Social Set of the large American City in which they live, who were literally having the time of their lives. They had been married just a year before and had spent their honeymoons at one of the large summer resort hotels. During this trip they had seen something of the camper's life and had determined, when their husbands found release from office cares in the coming mid-summer, to go into the very heart of nature. I visited their camp with its neatly arranged tents and fittings hired from the outfitting store in the Park. Never have I seen girls more radiantly happy. Their husbands were away that morning securing fresh supplies for the camp and the girls had just finished tidying up. They were about to finish their fourth week of camping with its freedom from convention, its beautiful canoe excursions through tortuous channels and over beds of water lilies and of wild rice and short portages through the leafy trails. They were dreading the hour which was fast approaching when they would have to break camp and return to the hotel at the railway station to don again their street clothes. "It has been the greatest adventure we ever planned or dreamed of," said one of the girls, and the healthy glow on her tanned face told of perfect health.

BUT the camping is only one side of the holiday attractions in our Canadian resorts. Many women prefer to have all the comforts possible on their vacation as well as delights of the wilderness and desire also some social life. To such I would say you will find all these attributes of a perfect holiday in the Highlands of Ontario. The whole back country of settled Ontario is one great mass of lakes and streams and forests. I have found countless clean sand beaches between the water's edge and the upward climbing forests behind and this wondrous wilderness has the advantage that it is easily reached from many of our Canadian cities. Most of my excursions into the Highlands of Ontario have been from Toronto. As you journey on the Grand Trunk line up to Muskoka Wharf and Huntsville, you pass by well kept farms and through what is obviously a prosperous farming community. Later the aspect of the countryside changes; it becomes wilder and more thickly wooded and the gray grim granite begins to show its clenched knuckles through the greenery.

Then the Lakes appear and finally you pass down a decline to Muskoka Wharf where a walk across the platform takes you to a fine steamer—the size of which surprises you—and the lake journey is begun. This is part of the homeland of the Hurons. The word Muskoka is derived from the name of the great chief of the tribe Musaquado signifying clear water. In the first place you are amazed at the extent of the lakes which appear so small on the map. You had perhaps expected to see some charming miniature such as Windermere, some pretty historic pond such as Como or Mag-

Speckled Trout fishing on the Pettawawa, Algonquin Park

gione through which a tiny vessel would travel fretfully. But in any other country than Canada the Muskoka Lakes would be called "great." Secondly, the multitude of islands and the diversified shore-line cause you to wonder how the captain of your steamship finds his way. These lakes are a veritable maze, a watery labyrinth, the haunt of novel illusions and evasions. Against the steep woodlands nestle pretty cottages and summer villas the owners of which have fallen in love with Muskoka. Nearly all these charming summer homes harmonize with their surroundings of wistful waters and brooding woods. Thirdly, you become conscious that there is magic in the fleeting soft airs that a new peacefulness is possessing your soul, that you are changing into one of Tennyson's lotus-eaters. The explanation? But you do not worry about explaining things to yourself. The Muskoka air is an antedote to all forms of worry—except, of course, the wish to eat and drink, which springs eternal in the human stomach.

JUST as fascinating as Muskoka is Lake of Bays. If you visit it in the Autumn as I have done the glory of its colorings will never fade from your memory, the red flame of the maple on the rock shores merging with the blue of the water.

My companion on the excursion was a lady who has spent a portion every year finding new beauties in Switzerland, Italy and the whole of the wonderful Mediterannean. She described the trip into the Lake of Bays as one of the Magic Carpet Journeys and it is really so.

Leaving the train at Huntsville we get to the Wawa (Algonquin for wild goose). At Norway Point one travels by a miniature steamship to Fairy Lake and Peninsula Lake and thence by one of the shortest and quaintest railways in the world over a mile long portage which places you on the shore of the Lake of Bays. This stretch of water is certainly one of the most beautiful in Canada, the land of beautiful lakes, perfume breezes blow across the lake at all hours of the day and night. You may bathe in its cool waters, take boating excursions to the various points along its shore line. The murmur of gentle waters is everywhere interwoven with a whispering of the trees.

Why not, my Canadian sister, explore for yourself this year some of the glories of these regions which nestle so close to your own homes and yet appear to be so little known? Their appeal cannot be defined in the cold words of black and white, you must see with your own eyes and drink in your own impressions.

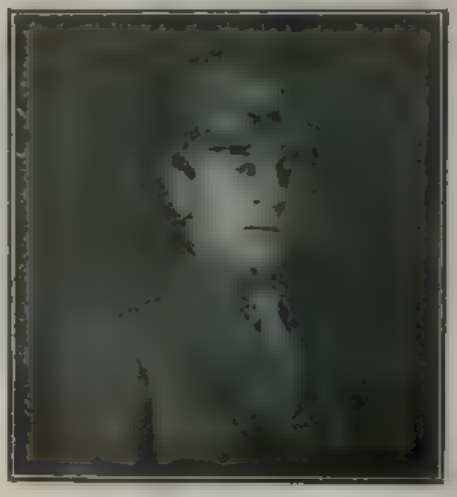
Railroading to Recruiting

By Elizabeth Bailey Price

THE word patriotism is usually interpreted to mean love for one's country, but the dictionary gives another meaning and a broader one, for it defines it as that feeling that is directed to public welfare. Therefore any man, who directs his energies for public welfare is patriotic and there are many phases of public welfare, or one might use the term national service.

Before the war broke out, one of the most actives places, where public welfare was being directed, was the province of Alberta and one of the most active directors in Calgary, the chief city of that province, was and is, the man whom this story is about, Norman S. Rankin. He was then head of the publicity branch of the Department of Natural Resources of the C. P. R., that railroad which has been of such national importance in settling the prairie provinces of Canada, that it is regarded in the light of a national institution. His duties, as one might infer from the name of the department, were to advertise and exploit the resources of Western Canada, particularly Alberta, a very important and far-reaching work in the mission of developing a country.

When war first broke out, like other patriots, he was anxious to do his share of national service, and accordingly directed his energies along the line of the publicity work connected with the raising of the Canadian patriotic fund.



Capt. Norman S. Rankin

He occupied the honorary office of publicity agent for that fund for Southern Alberta and the result obtained, a greater subscription than solicited, speaks for itself.

Then like two hundred and fifty coworkers from that department in the C. P. R. in Calgary, he decided to take the step, the greatest degree of patriotism-enlistment.

Because his work had been along publicity and advertising lines, it was a most logical thing that Captain Rankin, for that is his military title now, should gravitate into the position of recruiting officer for one of the Canadian Overseas battalions. He had organized, in his seven years of railroad work with the C. P. R., a wonderfully systematic campaign of publicity, that had been a large factor in drawing hundreds of "Homeseekers" to the west and this experience, as well as personal example made him just the man needed by the 191st battalion to urge men to enlist.

In his recruiting campaign, Captain Rankin resorted to the most modern methods of advertising, lantern slides in moving picture houses, posters for bill boards, similar to those used in England at the beginning of the war, follow-up letters and campaigns, recruiting addresses in theatres, churches, at lawn socials and women's clubs, in factories and business houses. Through the generosity of his friends and public spirited men, a moving picture film, depicting the 191st on parade, the securing and swearing in of recruits, at Sarcee camp, the battalion's summer home, Brigadier General Cruikshank, General John Hughes, Lt. Col. Bryan, was created and used throughout the recruiting area effectively

Captain Rankin has been greatly helped and encouraged by his colleagues in the C. P. R. Enlistment, has been given a great impetus by this railroad, by the fact that all positions are kept for men who volunteer for active service. The men are only on leave and each man who enlists is paid

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Current Events in Review

Comments by the Leading Canadian and British Press and Periodicals Upon Affairs of Interest in the Dominion and Empire

National Service Literature

ONE of the most valuable of recent literary contributions to the great cause is a booklet by Professor Stephen Leacock, entitled "National Organization for War." In this booklet, Dr. Leacock makes an urgent call for national thrift and national saving. He attacks in vigorous style the evils of extravagance at this crisis in Canada's history, and by trenchant phrase and apt illustration disposes of various common errors in regard to individual spending of money during war time.

This pamphlet was originally published by Dr. Leacock himself, but the National Service Board were so convinced of its value in connection with their Thrift Campaign that they have had it republished and have undertaken its distribution. Copies may be obtained by writing to the Secretary of the National Service Board at Ottawa, or by applying to the National Service Director in any Province.

After summarizing the present war situation, Dr. Leacock states that we only deceive ourselves if we hide the fact that the fate of the war hangs in the balance, and he says:

What are we to do?

Our soldiers in the field have done, and are doing, all that heroism can inspire and all that endurance can fulfil. Are we doing our share at home? We go about our tranquil lives scarcely disturbed. Here and there, the swift dart of death, that strikes "somewhere in France," reaches, with its double point, somewhere in Canada, a mother's heart. We pause a moment in our sympathy, and pass on. To and fro we go about our business. We pay our easy taxes, and subscribe to our so-called patriotic loan, so issued that the hungriest money-lender in New York is glad to clamor for a share of it. We eat, drink, and are merry, or, at least, not sad, professing a new philosophy of life as our sympathies grow dull to the pain and suffering that we do not share.

THE REAL ESTATE AGENT
Kaiser: "Can I interest you in a choice plot?"
New York Times

Are we, the people of Canada who are at home, doing our proper part to help to win the war?

If a war were conducted with the full strength of a nation, it would mean that every part of the fighting power, the labour, and the resources of the country were being used towards a single end. Each man would either be fighting or engaged in providing materials of war, food, clothes and transport for those that were fighting, with such extra food and such few clothes as were needed for themselves while engaged in the task.

This is a war economy. This is the fashion in which the energies of a nation would be directed if some omniscient despot directed them and controlled the life and activity of every man. . . . . .

What we do must be done from below, using, as best we can, the only driving force that we know—the will of the individual. We must find a means that will begin to twist and distort our national industry out of its present shape till it begins to take on the form of national organization for war.

To do this we must exchange war prosperity for war adversity, self-imposed and in deadly earnest.

The key to the situation, as far as we can unlock it, lies in individual thrift and individual sacrifice. Let there be no more luxuries, no wasted work, no drones to keep, out of the national production.

Every man, to-day, who consumes any article or employs any service not absolutely necessary, aims a blow at his country.

Save every cent. Live plainly. Do without everything. Rise early, work hard, and content yourself with a bare living. The man who does this—if he uses the saved money properly—is doing war work for his country. He may wrap his last year's coat about him and eat his bread and cheese and feel that he too, is doing something to show the world the kind of stuff that is

yet left in it . . . . . .

But first let the Government—of the dominions, the provinces, the cities and the towns—itself begin the campaign of thrift. At present vast sums of money are being wasted in so-called public works, railways in the wilderness, cement sidewalks in the streets, post offices in the towns—millions and millions that drain away our economic strength. In time of peace these are excellent. For war, unless they have a war purpose the things are worse than useless. The work of the men who labour at them is of no value, and the food and clothes that they consume must be made by other men.

Let us be done with new streets and new sidewalks, new town halls and new railways, till the war is done. Let us walk in our old boots on the old boards, patriots all, with dollar pieces jingling in our pockets adding up to twenty-five for the latest patriotic loan.

Let us do this, and there will pour into the hands of the Government such a cascade of money that the sound of it shall be heard all the way to Potsdam.

And here enters the last step to be taken under National Thrift to convert ourselves into a war economy. The Government goes with its money to the manufacturers and interrogates them. What can you make, and you, and you? You have a plant that has made buggies and fancy carriages. These our people will not buy because now they walk. But what is it that you can make?—can you turn yourself to making trucks, waggons? You, that made boots and have lost half your trade, what about a hundred thousand boots for the army? You, that made clothes, what about doing the whole thing over in khaki?

The needs of a War Government are boundless, endless. The list of its wants is as wide as the whole range of our manufactures. The adjustment is difficult. Not a doubt of it. It cannot be done in a day. But with each successive month the process would go on and on till we would find ourselves, while working apparently each for himself, altered into a nation of war-workers, every man, in his humble sense, at the front and taking his part.

Meantime we at home are doing nothing, or next to it, for the war. While we go about our business as usual men are breathing out their lives for us, somewhere in France.

What shall we do?

Canada's Farm Crops

CANADA'S Farm Crops for the season of 1916 total $808,054,000 — The Census and Statistics office has issued its annual estimate of the yield, quality and value of the grain crops of Canada for the season of 1916. Returns of the average yields per acre, of the average weights per measured bushel, and of the average prices per bushel received by farmers were collected in December, after completion of threshing, and for the three prairie provinces a large number of returns estimating the average yields per acre of wheat, oats, barley and flax were received and brought into the compilation.

Previous estimates of the areas sown to wheat, oats and barley in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta for the years 1915 and 1916, have been corrected by the preliminary results of the census taken in June, 1916, and for 1916 the corrections include also rye and flax.

In 1916, the census returns, after the deduction of areas estimated to be unproductive, are for wheat, 11,872, 600 acres; for oats, 6,198,100 acres; for barley, 1,239,400 acres; for rye, 67,500 acres, and for flax 600,760 acres.

A final statement of the harvest results of 1916, to include all crops, is dependent upon completion of the census compilation, a work that is now being proceeded with.

Total areas and yields of grain crops in Canada. The total harvested and the total production of principal grain crops of Canada in 1915 and 1916, as

Atlanta Journal

Is it the last desperate stand?

corrected by the census returns of 1916, are therefore now estimated as follows:

	Acres.	Bushels
Wheat	12,879,500	220,367,000
Oats	9,835,100	351,174,000
Barley	1,651,100	41,318,000

For other crops the estimated total production in 1916 is as follows:

	Bushels.
Rye	2,896,400
Flax	7,122,300
Peas	2,172,400
Beans	412,600
Mixed grains	10,077,000
Peas	2,172,400

The average yields per acre of the principal grain crops for 1916 are as follows:

	Bushels.
Wheat	21½
Spring Wheat	16¾
All wheat	17
Oats	25¾
Barley	25
Rye	20
Peas	14½
Beans	12⅝
Buckwheat	17½
Mixed grains	26¼
Flaxseed	11¾

For wheat, oats, barley and flaxseed these average yields, although inferior to the excellent returns of 1915, are higher than those of 1914.

As is well known, there was an increase in the average prices of grain received by farmers in 1916. These prices are considerably higher than those of 1915, and are even higher than the prices which ruled in 1914 after the outbreak of the war. The average prices per bushel received by farmers for the grain products of 1916 work out as follows:

Fall wheat, $1.53; spring wheat, $1.29; all wheat, $1.31; oats, 53c.; barley, 82c.; rye, $1.11; flaxseed, $2.05; peas, $2.22; beans, $5.40; mixed grains, 90c.

The total farm values of the principal grain crops of 1916 are now estimated as follows:

Wheat	$ 289,374,000
Oats	187,759,000
Barley	34,010,000
Rye	3,205,800
Peas	4,816,000
Beans	2,228,000
Buckwheat	6,375,000
Mixed grains	9,076,300
Flaxseed	14,581,300

Including the root and fodder crops, the total value of the field crops of Canada in 1916 is now estimated at $808,054,000.

The totals comprise grain crops, $558,172,400; potatoes and sugar beets, $50,094,000; and fodder crops, $199,787,600.

The total of $808,054,000 for 1916 is higher than in any previous year with the exception of 1915.

Why the United States Should Fight

PROF ALBERT BUSHNELL HART, of Harvard University, in an article on "Neutrality, Armed Neutrality, and War," in *The New York Times*, says there are only three ways to settle such vital controversies as exist between the United States and Germany:

The first is diplomacy; and diplomacy by note, protest, or agreement, has entirely failed. In consequence, our Ambassador to Berlin has been with-

drawn and diplomatic relations have been suspended.

The second is yielding. Aside from the general question of asserting the national rights and character, yielding means a breaking up of American commerce; we should suffer many of the disturbances and inconveniences of war without a chance to defend our rights. Yielding would put the United States out of commission as a great commercial power.

If we can neither successfully negotiate nor frankly give in, then we must prepare for war. Not because we like it, not because war will bring us conquest or glory, but because we cannot help it. If we could help it, or can still help it, war on our part would be a crime. . . . . .

The United States remains in a totally different situation from any of the ten Allies; we are seeking no spoils at the end of the war, no return of captured territory, no share in a European concert. If we fight, it will be a defensive war, in which national dignity and honor are factors; but the main question is one of national existence on those terms which alone can make a nation powerful and secure. What happens when a great nation allows other powers to make decisions for it may be learned from China, no matter how great her wealth, actual and potential, her area or her population.

There is no half-way about it. The integrity of a nation is like the virtue of Cæsar's wife; if it is questioned, it has ceased to exist. Non-existence may not much harm an individual living in an orderly community which protects him, but the non-resistant nation is a suicide. The maelstrom is too much even for this great country. We cannot keep out of its current—we can only steer away from the vortex. If war in the present conditions is petty, non-resistance is ignoble. We resist in order that our children may have peace.

THE TWO VOICES — *Punch*

Holy Willie: "Stop that cursed screaming! I can't hear myself sing"

Livestock on Credit

THREE years ago the Saskatchewan Legislature passed a law providing for the expenditure of $500,000 in purchasing livestock to be sold on credit terms to farmers. Up to date 1,834 head of cattle, including 235 pure-bred bulls, have already been sold, as well as 6,275 sheep. The classes of stock supplied consist of pure-bred bulls of the right type and of suitable age for breeding, grade cows of popular breeds, purebred boars and rams and grade sows and ewes. The terms of payment are that purchasers able to pay cash are required to do so, and that all purchasers must pay at least 25 per cent. cash. Unpaid balances are payable in one or two instalments, with interest at six per cent. Up to $400 worth of stock can be bought by paying one-quarter cash, and up to $1,000 worth can be bought by paying one-half cash. All bona fide farmers in Saskatchewan who are members of any agricultural society, grain growers' association, or co-operative association are eligible to receive this assistance. During the fall season, when stock shipments from the prairies are most numerous, the Department maintains an experienced cattleman in Winnipeg to make purchases.

The Real Issue

FRANKLIN H. GIDDINGS, Professor of Sociology and the History of Civilization in Columbia University, in a recent issue of *Collier's* affirms that the real issue of the war is "World Democracy vs. World Absolutism." He says:

It is not, then, merely because blood is thicker than water that the destinies of the United Statse are inseparably bound up with the fate of Great Britain and of France. The population of the United States is one of the most heterogeneous in the world, and the argument from the English and French ancestry of our older American stocks naturally does not "go" with our more recently arrived citizens. But this admission does not dispose of the matter. It is a characteristic piece of befuddled thinking to suppose that it does. Blood is thicker than water, but in the life of nations there is something more cohesive even than blood, and that is the common luck. Those men get together and pull together, if need be fight together, who share a common opportunity and face a common fate. Those nations have understanding with one another and, if necessary, ally themselves to one another in war, whose luck it is to confront a common peril. This adamantine practical fact, and not any sentimentalism of blood, nor any gushing silliness about altruism or international brotherhood, holds the democratic peoples together in the face of the last terrific onslaught of absolutism. As democratic nations, the United Staes, Great Britain, and France will stand or fall together, or, if by miraculous good fortune we should survive after the European democracies have disappeared, it will be only because we shall then be strong enough in single-handed combat to hold our own. We shall endure as one of a group of democratic peoples among whom good understandings and co-operation prevail, or we shall survive after we have been tried as by fire.

Germany Beaten—But Not Aware

From the *New York Sun*.

WHY is there so much discussion of peace and its terms just now? Because the war is over. It is only necessary to stop fighting. The war is over because the questions out of which it arose have been determined. The subject matter of the controversy has been removed from the field. What remains is a struggle for quite different purposes.

It is no longer within the power of Austria to work her will in the Balkans, to extend her influence and promote her interests there with the aid and

support of Germany. The road along which Imperial Germany hoped to rise to dominance through the extension of her influence in the East, through the humbling of England, the subjection of Europe, is no longer open to her. The accomplishment of those great designs has been put out of the question by the defeat of Germany and Austria, a defeat now as evident and certain as if it were actually acknowledged in the written treaty.

The issues upon which the Central Powers went to war have been determined against them. They keep up the fight, not to extend their dominion and make it secure, but because they are unwilling to acknowledge defeat. That is perfectly natural, it is in accordance with the traditions of war. A country that has as much fighting power left in her as Germany does not admit that she is beaten. A very great part of the German people do not even know that they are beaten. They are not permitted to know where and how far the fortunes of war have gone against them. When all the rest of the world is informed of the fall of Monastir, the Germans are deluded by the announcement that the forces of the Central Powers have "occupied trenches" to the north of that city. But the bystanders often see more clearly which way the battle tends than the principals themselves. The impartial world, even that part of the world which is not impartial, but much inclines to one cause or the other, knows that the Central Powers have lost the fight.

Two great forces make for the continuance of the struggle. One is the firm resolve of the Allied Powers that the war must end in a way that will make its renewal impossible, that will assure the peace of Europe for a century. When they talk of "crushing Germany," the meaning is that the military power and the military ideals, the Imperial arrogance of Germany, must be destroyed. In Germany the chief motive for continuing the struggle is the desperate need of the militarists and Imperialists to save themselves, the dread of what they know will happen to them when the war ends in their defeat. It is an interest separate and distinct from the interest of the German people. Could the people be made to see and understand that the dynasty and the military and agrarian classes are fighting for themselves, not really for Germany or for German subjects, that the dreadful burdens they are bearing, the sacrifices they are compelled to make are not in their own behalf but to save the ruling classes from overthrow, there would come a day of reckoning in Germany that would very quickly end the fighting.

Disabled Canadian Soldiers

THE Military Hospitals Commission at Ottawa, in a recent announcement, says that 2,081 soldiers were under its care at the beginning of November. Of these, 426 were at Sanatoria for tuberculosis, and 1,616 at Convalescent Hospitals, 682 of the latter being outpatients—while 39 members of the force were in asylums for the insane. Of the 426 cases of tuberculosis, it may be added, almost exactly half were discovered in time to prevent them from leaving Canada for the seat of war.

According to a statement prepared by the Militia Department, up to October 5, 1916, the number of soldiers sent back to Canada because of medical unfitness was 6,208. Of these, 961 were suffering from wounds, shell-shock, or the effect of gas; 122 were insane; 245 were afflicted with tuberculosis; while the remainder, 4,880, were suffering from other diseases and disabilities.

All Canadians ought to know what is being done by the Military Hospitals Commission, acting on behalf of the whole body of citizens, for the restoration of their wounded defenders to a position of self-support and independence.

Every disabled soldier is medically examined on arriving at Quebec. If he is no longer in need of hospital treatment, he is sent home free of expense and discharged with a pension or gratuity according to the extent of his disability.

If he needs further treatment he is taken to the hospital or sanatorium where the treatment most suitable to his case is available, and, if possible, to the institution nearest his home.

Men who cannot resume their former work on discharge from hospital are advised and enabled to take special training for new occupations. This is provided free of cost; and while the men are being trained the Dominion Government maintains them and their families.

Men needing artificial limbs are taken to Toronto, where these limbs are made and supplied without charge. Men with serious nerve disorders are treated specially in the Ontario Military Hospital at Cobourg.

Each Provincial Government has appointed a Commission to help discharged men in securing steady and remunerative work. The Dominion Government, and other authorities and employers, systematically give preference to returned soldiers when filling vacant positions.

The public can and should co-operate heartily in this urgently necessary work, by encouraging the men to take fullest advantage of the curative and educational opportunities given them, and afterwards by seeing that they get work. Local committees have been formed for this purpose in many towns, but much more has to be done in this way.

Occupation is often as necessary and beneficial as rest itself, in its curative and strengthening effect on body and mind. Classes are therefore held at the hospitals, for instruction and practice in many arts and industries, such as carpentry and wood-carving, metal and leather working, typewriting and book-keeping, mechanical drawing and elementary engineering, gardening, bee-keeping and poultry-raising.

These all help to increase the capacity of the patients, and to lessen the effect of any injury they have received, by getting them into practice for such industries as they can profitably undertake. The medical and educational officers try first to discover what each man is most likely to succeed at, and then to fit him for it as thoroughly as possible.

Continued on page 271.

The Prairie Rose

By F. Alister Murray

The same Hand sketched the prairie
That tuned the little thrush.

The rainbow for an easel,
A willow for the brush,
God dipped it in the sunset
And lo! the desert's blush.

And the rose was not forgotten
In great Creation's rush.

From softest silken feathers
That grow on angels' wings
He made it richer garments
Than purpled Persia brings.

For God's surpassing kindness
Shows most in little things.

He feeds the rose on dewdrops
Distilled in realms above,
He bathes its leaves in sunshine
And perfumes them with love.

Studebaker
Established 1852

THE NEW SERIES 18 STUDEBAKER CARS ARE LEADERS

OVER 290,000 Studebaker cars in daily use throughout the world stand as living testimonials to the soundness of Studebaker dependability. But, regardless of this reputation for superior quality and service, the built-in value, the sturdiness and distinction of the line was never more convincingly presented than in the new Studebaker Series 18 cars

Ample evidence of this fact is found in the equipment of any Studebaker car which includes such features as the famous 3 1/8-inch bore by 5-inch stroke Studebaker motor, known throughout the world for its remarkable flexibility and hill climbing ability; the re-enforced rear-axle construction that absorbs all road shocks and insures safety and comfort at all times, ample room and real comfort for five grown people, and auxiliary arm chairs in the tonneau for two extra passengers, that slide under the rear seat when not in use; and the most accessible chassis throughout of any motor car built.

See these wonderful "Made-in-Canada" cars now. An investigation and demonstration will convince you of their exceptional value—of the luxury and distinction of appointments and appearance that make Studebaker cars the preferred types among people of refinement and discrimination.

FOUR-CYLINDER MODELS

FOUR Chassis	$1195
FOUR Roadster	1280
FOUR Touring Car	1295
FOUR Every-Weather Car	1670
FOUR Landau Roadster	1675

All Prices F. O. B. Walkerville

STUDEBAKER
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SIX-CYLINDER MODELS

SIX Chassis	$1495
SIX Roadster	1580
SIX Touring Car	1595
SIX Landau Roadster	1785
SIX Every-Weather Car	1870
SIX Touring Sedan	2245
SIX Coupe	2310
SIX Limousine	3430

All Prices F. O. B. Walkerville.

She Couldn't Go—Her *Corns* Wouldn't Let Her

She remembered the agonies of the last dance. It kept her at home to coddle her touchy corns. She simply couldn't face the pain again. How easy it would have been, what instant relief, if she had only known of Blue-jay. Other millions of men and women have found relief this way. Blue-jay stops pain instantly. And the miserable corn is gone, roots and all, in 48 hours.

New shoes—smart styles—have no terrors to Blue-jay users. These soothing plasters, inset with a medicinal wax, have ended millions upon millions of corns. Many tests conducted by experts show that the first application removes 91 per cent. Stubborn cases require a second or third treatment. Why wait longer? Why suffer?

BAUER & BLACK,
Chicago, New York, Toronto
Makers of
Surgical Dressings, etc.

Blue-jay
Stops Pain—Ends Corns

15c and 25c at Druggists
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JOHN AIRD, General Manager
V. C. BROWN, Sup't of Central Western Branches

CAPITAL PAID UP, $15,000,000 RESERVE FUND, - $13,500,000

SAVE YOUR MONEY

and thus help Canada to do her share in the Great War.

INTEREST ALLOWED AT 3% PER ANNUM ON SAVINGS DEPOSITS OF $1 AND UPWARDS AT ANY BRANCH OF THE BANK

Gregory Morton Mystery

Continued from page 246.

me on the deck without a sign, it would make it almost certain that my identification of them was the mere delusion of a madman.

They were coming down the deck toward us now. Rapidly the distance was narrowed to ten paces—to five, now we were almost face to face. And how I searched those faces with an eagerness that must almost have cried aloud from my agonized eyes!

For an instant her glance rested on my face. A very faint flush colored her cheeks, her finely marked, expressive brows moved a little with disdainful annoyance under my undisguised stare. And that was all.

They were gone! In her mind I figured at this moment simply as an underbred, impertinent young person who stared in an unmannerly way at pretty girls.

The doctor's strong, steady arm locked itself in mine to give me support, and Heaven knows I needed it. I walked on stiffly like an automaton. When we came opposite our chairs I stopped, but the doctor, with a light pressure on my arm, signified that I was to keep on walking.

"Not again," I said, "I can't do it again."

"Think a minute," said he. "Think how your appearance must be changed. You look like a true Frenchman: you are walking with one whose nationality cannot be denied. You have a French name on the passenger list."

"Don't look at them when we meet them again, but talk; talk to me, casually, about anything at all. Tell me how you escaped from Dr. Berry's asylum, or how you played the piano at Coney Island. And talk in English," he added after a moment's pause. "I had nearly forgotten that detail myself."

Again they were approaching us.

"Don't look at them," he repeated to me. "Trust me for that."

Somehow, I do not know how, I managed to rally my faculties for this second ordeal. I felt myself moving forward with the casual gait of a mere stroller upon the deck. I found myself talking in English, though I have no idea at all what it was I said. Again the distance narrowed between us. Still my voice kept its even, casual conversational accent.

Owing to the direction of the wind, they had come within two paces of us before the sound of my voice fairly reached their ears. When it did, they stopped with one accord, and now it was they who stared, stared as if it had been the figure of one long dead that stood before them. I did not look. could not look, for the whole world was whirling around me in a mad reel.

The gentle compulsion of the doctor's arm walked me on, and in a second we had passed them. He has told me since, though I find it difficult to believe it, that my voice never broke, that the even flow of my narrative never faltered until they were out of hearing behind us.

"Well," said the doctor as we dropped into our chairs again, "that is settled! Those people know you—the real you that we are trying to find."

For once his quiet professional reserve had melted. There was a thrill of excitement in his voice which matched my own. Presently, however, he undertook to moderate a little the transports of hope which the look in my face and the excited inflection of my voice betrayed.

"Don't promise yourself too much," he said. "Don't think that this mystery of yours is going to be solved in the twinkling of an eye. To do that is simply to court disappointment."

"But they know me," I insisted vehemently. "You yourself admit as much. You cannot believe that they would refuse to tell."

He made no reply, and after a moment of silence, I went on:

"Unless you believe that they, like the Dugglebys are among the number of my enemies, unless you believe that that girl—a girl who looks out on the world with those eyes—could bear a deliberate part in the conspiracy to rob me of myself, and that's unthinkable."

Still he was silent.

"Isn't it unthinkable?" said I.

"Oh, yes," he said, "but it is not the only alternative."

"I can conceive of no other," said I.

"It is possible," he said quickly, "that this Mr. Heatherfield and his daughter regard you, in turn, as one of their enemies."

"How could that be?" I demanded.

"When I know that," he said gravely, "I shall know your secret. At any rate," he went on, "you can hardly go to this gentleman and ask him if he will not be good enough to tell you your own name. The situation requires tact and some slight preliminary acquaintance. Remember, too, that we expect to land within a few hours."

The course we finally agreed upon was that I should wait for a chance to approach Mr. Heatherfield when he was alone, and begin a conversation with him after the manner of casual deck acquaintances. If I should succeed in doing this and should find him kindly disposed toward me, then I might tell him as much of my story as was necessary and ask him my great question.

Of course, it was indispensable to such a program that I should approach him at a moment when his daughter was not at his side. The two seemed to be absolutely inseparable, and one after

A rush of live steam—
a flood of boiling water—
and the varnish wasn't harmed!

THIS is one of those astonishing Valspar stories that come in our mail almost every day.

Jessesville, Mich., March 8, 191-

Messrs. Valentine & Company,
New York City.

Dear Sirs:—Last summer I built a new residence for myself. The floors and woodwork are all oak, and after having such success with Valspar on my boats, I should have known it would be just the thing for on the inside finish.

I gave the floors two coats of Valspar. Some little time after we moved in this fall, when letting the air out of one of the radiators (we have a hot-water heating system) I broke the valve off and the result was that a stream of almost boiling water came out and ran all over the floors and covered them with two inches of very hot water. *This water was so hot and made so much steam in the house, that it caused the wall paper to come off in some places.*

This water stood on the floors until we could get it mopped up, so hot you could not touch the floors, towels, etc., which we used in soaking up the water. I thought sure our floors were ruined, but it never hurt them a particle. I would not have believed that any varnish could stand anything like that without turning white.

I saw this myself, so there is no chance for a dispute.

Taking into consideration the slight extra cost I would advise everyone who wants a finish that will stand almost anything to use Valspar.

Yours truly,
(Signed) JOHN R. COTTER.

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The Varnish That Won't Turn White

Read the letter opposite about the Valspar that was drenched with *live* steam, drowned in *scalding* water—and was none the worse for the experience!

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Be sure you get **Valspar.** If your paint or hardware dealer does not carry Valspar, write us direct and we will give you name of nearest dealer.

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Oxo Cubes mean health, strength and irrepressible vitality to the little folk, and an immense saving of time and trouble for mothers and nurses.

Oxo Cubes are also a splendid safeguard against the little ailments which give mothers such anxiety. A daily cup of Oxo during the long dark winter months will ward off many a chill, and lessen the danger of being exposed to damp, inclement weather.

An Oxo Cube in a cup of hot milk is a nourishing and easily-digested diet. For delicate and anæmic children it is invaluable.

A Cube to a Cup

Tins of 6, 12 50 and 100 Cubes

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The old reliable remedy for rheumatism, neuralgia, sore throat and sprains.

Best Liniment Made

MR. A. E. LAUNDRY, EDMONTON writes — "I fell from a building and broke the doctors said a very bad sprain. I ankle and told me I must not walk on it for three weeks. I got MINARD'S LINIMENT and in six days I was out to work again. I think it the best Liniment made."

Minard's Liniment always gives satisfaction. For any ache or pain, it gives instant relief.

Minard's Liniment

Co., Limited

Yarmouth, - - N.S.

another of the precious hours crept away, driving me almost into a frenzy of impatience as they denied me the precious opportunity I sought.

Well along in the afternoon, however, when the sight of our tender approaching from the harbor at Cherbourg almost drove me to disregard the doctor's advice and chance everything on more drastic measures, at the final moment the opportunity came.

She left him to go in search of something and would doubtless be back almost before I could begin the conversation I hoped to draw him into. He was standing at the rail, gazing landward with thoughtful eyes—troubled eyes, I imagined—in an abstraction which it seemed an impertinence to break. Indeed, I took my place at the rail beside him without his appearing aware of my presence.

"There is some compensation for our stormy voyage in a day like this," said I.

The sound of my voice and my presence there at his elbow seemed to startle him.

The look he cast at me brought vividly to my memory the doctor's hypothesis that they might regard me as an enemy. He barely answered my question with a curt monosyllable and turned as if to move away, but I had too much at stake to be easily discouraged.

"It is rather tantalizing, though, this pleasant day," I went on, "coming right at the end of the voyage as it does. It only serves to show us how many opportunities for pleasant acquaintanceship we have lost."

He wheeled upon me, dignified, irate, formidable.

"There are some of us, sir," said he, "who neither lament those lost opportunities, as you term them, nor desire to make up for them now."

His meaning was too pointed to be disregarded, yet in my despair at the thought of letting them go away out of my knowledge, carrying my secret with them, I made one more attempt. I dropped all pretense at merely casual conversation.

"I hope, sir," said I very gravely, "that you are not among those who feel that way, at least, as regards myself. I have a most serious reason for wishing to become acquainted with you."

He gave me a long, searching look. Suspicion was fully alight in his eyes now, and anger spoke in the tones of his deep voice

"If you do not know me already," he said—"if you are, indeed, the stranger to me that you wish to appear—then permit me to tell you that you are an impertinent intruder. If, on the other hand," and now, though he lowered his voice, anger spoke louder in it than it had before—yes, and dread, too—"you are the man who I suspect you to be, a man who knows me well, then let me tell you that I know you also know you for the coward and knave that you are."

"*Monsieur*," said I, "my impertinence and my intrusion I can scarcely deny. It is so if you regard it so." He was looking at me with a puzzled expression that caused me to interrupt myself.

The next moment I realized that in my excitement I was speaking in French instead of English. I apologized, and repeated my words in a language he could understand.

"As to my being a coward and a knave," I concluded, "you can only have applied such terms to me under a serious misapprehension. For my intrusion, since it has seemed such to you, I make you my apology."

As I turned away to leave him, I found myself standing face to face with his daughter. The look in her eyes was troubled. The same tragic hint which I had seen in them the night she rode with Duggleby in the cab was intensified to the point where it was unmistakable. She was looking at her father, however, not at me, and she returned the grave bow with which I took my leave of them, with an air of abstraction which made it appear almost unconscious.

I had returned to my steamer-chair and was in the act of reporting to the doctor the complete failure of my attempt, when he checked me with an imperative signal. Turning, I saw her coming toward us. Her manner made it plain that she was coming to speak to me, so I rose and went to meet her.

"I am afraid we owe you an apology, *monsieur*," she said, "or perhaps not so much an apology as an explanation. My father—" She hesitated an instant and glanced behind her in evident fear lest he should come upon us in conversation together, then she went on more collectedly: "My father has had many troubles of late—troubles heavier than a man of his age should be called upon to endure. He believes he owes them, or many of them, to a man whom we thought—whom I, at least, thought—dead."

Her voice quivered a little over the word, and it was with obvious difficulty that she got it under control again.

"You have reminded my father—yes, and me, too—somewhat strongly of that man."

Her eyes were widening as she looked at me. Evidently the resemblance was growing stronger as she spoke. She turned abruptly away.

"I am afraid," she said, "that that resemblance may have caused you some embarrassment. I hope," she concluded breathlessly, "that this explanation will serve for an apology."

Had I been the cool, collected man I

wished to be, I never would have uttered the question that rose to my lips; but standing there, face to face with her, her voice thrilling me with every word it uttered, I was far from cool.

If," said I, "I were indeed that man you thought dead—"

She turned to me, her eyes blazing with the fire of anger.

"If you were that man—" she said, and then interrupted herself sharply. By sheer will-power she got her voice under control again and forced a smile to her lips.

"I am afraid," she said, "I was very near repeating the offense I came to apologize for, but I will not make you suffer a second time for a chance resemblance of which you are as innocent as I. You will pardon us, *monsieur?*"

Before I could force an answer to my lips she was gone, and I- I was left in a daze indeed. I had found her, my dream-girl. Every inflection of her beautiful voice doubled the strong assurance I possessed already.

I had found her! She was she and I was I, and yet if that were true I was her enemy. No, not I; perhaps the lost man I had been.

Standing there with my elbows on the rail, I buried my face in my hands, but at last I roused myself.

"Thank God for the French doctor!" said I. His strong, cool intelligence was the only stable thing in all my universe.

(To be continued)

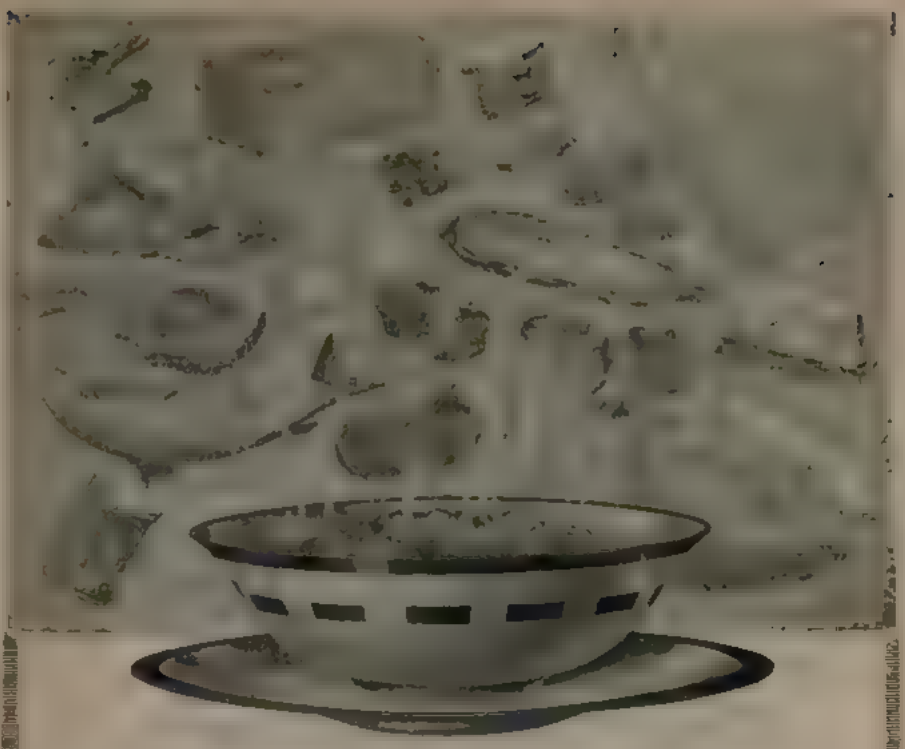
Press-Agenting a Paganini

Continued from page 239.

the rush of the storm—the audience beside itself with excitement bursting into an ovation the like of which never before had been heard within the walls of the concert hall.

Overcome by this, the culminating episode of an eventful day, Isaacs staggered back into the artists' room and, weak as a child, sank into a chair. The din still kept up. Now and then it stopped and he heard the violin again - encore after encore. Then there was a mere flicker, a few sporadic handclaps, and he knew the lights had been turned down and the audience forced to disperse.

In the artists' room sat Isaacs, his eyes fixed on the door. It opened and closed like a flash, and before him stood the virtuoso, lank and pale, his emaciated form in clothes of old-fashioned and eccentric cut, long talon-like hands clutching, one the violin, the other the bow, the thin chin resting on a huge stock, the hawk-like nose exaggerated out of all proportion, the black hair draped over his head and rolling over his shoulders like a pall. Monti? No! Paganini the living counterpart of the daguerreotype! The apparition strode



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CANADIAN NORTHERN

toward Isaacs. It was quite close now. He felt a cold breath as if from the presence of the dead. A hand reached out and touched his face. It was like a lump of ice.

A shiver passed through Isaacs. He fought to rise from the chair. Suddenly, in the warm, brilliantly lighted artists' room, he saw the conductor, an empty glass in his hand, standing before him.

"Are you all right now, Mr. Isaacs? They wanted to send for a doctor, but I knew a dash of cold water would bring you around. I guess the excitement was too much for you. No wonder. It's been a marvelous night, marvelous!"

The room was crowded with orchestra players who were striving excitedly to wring the virtuoso's hand. Isaacs still was somewhat dazed, but the sight of the man from the box office with a big tin box in his hand restored him to his senses.

"A record house, Mr. Isaacs," said the man, "and we're sold out for the whole series!"

Just then the blond critic pushed his way through the crowd. "Isaacs," he cried out in his enthusiasm, "that story you sent us about Monti being Paganini come to life again—it's true, man, every word of it. Look at him, listen to him. I'm going to print it in the morning. By the way, I hear you've had a turn. How are you?"

"Oh, I guess I'm all right," Isaacs answered cheerfully. The big tin box the story promised for the morning would have raised him from the dead.

At last the excitement began to subside. The critic hurried off, followed by the conductor. The orchestra players withdrew to the nearest temple of Gambrinus.

Isaacs and Monti were alone, the latter now full of life and his eyes shining, as his manager emptied the big box and began counting the money. When Isaacs had figured up the receipts he counted off a thousand dollars, showed the bills over to the violinist and stuffed a bigger wad into his own pocket. As he did so he felt a curious tingling sensation in the palm of his right hand. Glancing down he saw what looked like an irritated pin prick with a thin brownish circle around it.

"Monti," he said, looking at the virtuoso, you're a great one for sure. Paganini died twenty-five years before I was born. But I've heard him tonight; yes, and seen him; seen him right here in this room. But don't you never stick no more dope needles into me again! Savey?"

During 1916 Canada imported foodstuffs to the value of $60,000,000, an increase of nearly 70 per cent. over 1915. Her exports amounted to $450,000,000, an increase of about 50 per cent.

When the Sap Begins to Stir

Continued from page 241.

the trees can be carried out at a time, too, when other work is not pressing.

What is even more to be regretted than the neglect to utilize to a greater extent than now a potential source of profit is the fact, that so much of the maple products which are placed on the market are of such poor quality, due to lack of care in gathering and making.

One firm in Canada last year purchased half a million pounds of maple sugar in one district, and of this total only ten per cent. was of No. 1 quality, and half of the total was No. 4. If anywhere near all the available trees were tapped, and all of the product brought up to No. 1 grade, the total returns from maple products might be made to run up to $8,000,000.

In the United States nearly fifty million pounds of sugar or its equivalent in syrup is produced annually and the business of making sugar extends from the Atlantic coast to Missouri and from the Canadian border south to the Carolinas. New York state alone produces a million gallons of syrup annually.

The labor and capital involved in the production of maple sugar, pound for pound, is very much less than the other kinds of sugar and the market price is higher.

The Soul of Maraite

Continued from page 249.

of the breadfruit shut out a wide space of westering gold. Certainly, there would be no callers to-day.

It was just as she was beginning to regret the wearing of that lacy muslin without due cause that she saw a rickshaw padding up the road, bearing a cloud of pale blue under a bobbing parasol. She preened herself and felt her hair. She did not know that dress. It must be a steamer passenger—some friend of Harvey's people.

The rickshaw rattled up, paused, dismissed its burden, and trotted on again, the Indian coolie wearing a face of dissatisfaction that seemed somehow connected with the coin he had just pouched.

Gladys, standing up to receive the visitor, saw in the first glance that her dress was hand-painted muslin and that the flowers in her hat were the kind she herself only bought singly and sparingly for a best evening frock. In the second, she saw that the hair under the hat was dark-red and dyed. This somewhat counteracted the feeling of depression naturally excited by the smart dress, and she fixed her eyes firmly on the visitor's face. It was

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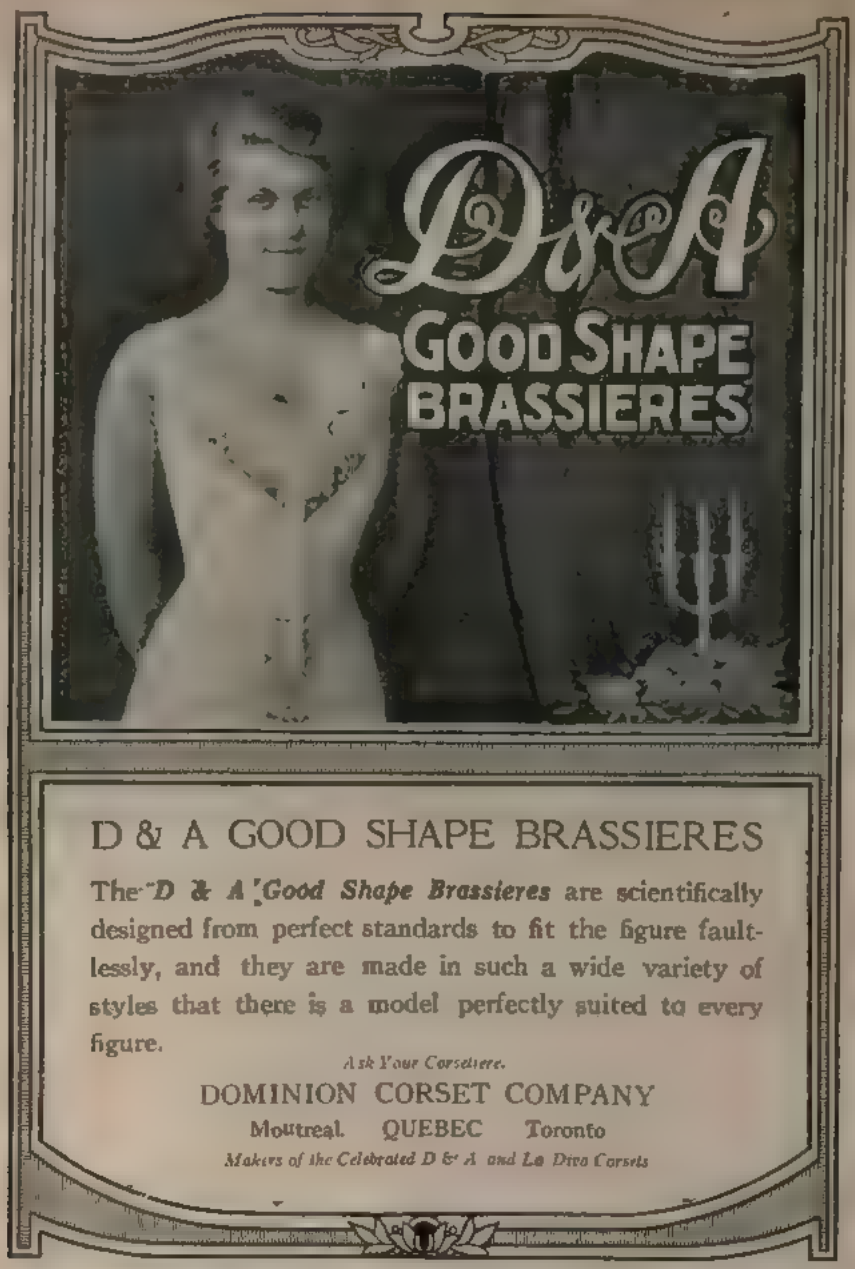

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large, handsome, brown-eyed, fresh-cheeked and coarse. She did not like it but she was none the less pleased to have a new and "stylish" acquaintance.

"You are looking for Mr Jamieson?" she asked, by way of opening conversation.

The visitor, in reply, walked across the veranda, picked out the best basket chair at a glance, sat down in it and crossed her legs.

"Yes, I am," she said.

Gladys thought her rather rude, and sat very upright in her own chair, with her hands formally crossed on her lap.

"You have come from the steamer, I suppose? Did you have a good passage?"

"Yes." The visitor was looking at her, scanning her from topknot to French heel, with a scrutiny that Gladys felt to be very ungenteel.

"I don't expect Mr. Jamieson in till six. I am Mrs. Jamieson."

The visitor got up, and began strolling up and down the veranda, with her hands behind her back.

"Yes, I heard Harvey had some one living with him here. That's why I came," she said.

Gladys jumped to her feet with a stamp that shook the boards.

"Are you mad?" she cried.

The other took a pearl cardcase out of her hand bag, and handed it to Gladys. Opening it, the girl drew out a sheaf of cards. "Mrs. Harvey Jamieson," "Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Jamieson."

"My cards! Where in the nyme of goodness——" she began, white and choking.

"Your cards!" said the visitor, walking over to the tea tray and pouring herself out a cup. "Your cards? Your teapot, I suppose—your china—your house! Why, confound you, any other woman would have been pulling the hair off your head by now but me—I always was a good-natured fool. Wait till my husband comes home, and I'll give it to him! If I did go off with the Royston-Barrett Company for a couple of years to see a bit more of life than you can see in dead-and-alive Australia, I never thought he'd have the impudence to set up another establisment in the Maroros, right in the face of everyone. One doesn't always want to know everything the men are up to when your back's turned—but this is just a bit too—cool!"

She helped herself to a piece of cake, unasked, and began eating.

Gladys felt as if she were going mad. The situation with which she was faced was one she had met a hundred times in her favorite novels. The other woman struck a tragic attitude, and said, "I am his wife!" and the wronged one cried out, "Then what am I?" and there was an imposing scene, and later on, some one died, and things were

made comfortable all round. . . . Bits of these reminiscences floated through her mind like wreckage on a tossing sea. But she could not think. She was cold in all the burning heat—her breast was throbbing hysterically—she wanted to scream—to tear— Was it her tea service that the creature was handling—her silver basket that she was pulling about?

The cloud that was darkening her faculties broke, spread, shredded away. She snatched the silver ornament from the kid-gloved hands that held it.

"Let go my kike basket, you—you—you wicked woman!" she cried.

The stranger actually laughed. She walked to the rear of the house, and called a native. Gladys heard her say:

"Here, you! I don't know your lingo—but you go to where Mr. Jamieson is, and bring him here—quick!—or I'll have the hide cut off your back!"

"Will you go!" screamed Gladys, following round to the cook-house side, her face scarlet with rage. She did not believe a word the wicked thing said. But she felt almost as sick as she had felt the day Harvey took her out turtle-fishing in a dinghy, and her knees seemed to be made of melting jelly.

"Not much!" said the creature, walking into Gladys's bedroom and proceeding to take off her hat at the glass. "You go, if you like, you little—Married? Oh, you don't come that over me—Harvey's no angel, but he isn't quite up to bigamy. I dare say you've told the people here that yarn. You needn't tell me."

"I'm married—you wicked, wicked thing! Married in Perth at the registrar's a year ago last Saturday! I—I wonder God don't strike you dead for standing there sying——"

Gladys was sobbing now so that she could hardly speak. Oh, why did not her man come to defend her?

"Got your certificate, of course?" said the other, laying down her hat and selecting a few hairpains from Glady's box.

The girl turned yellow white. She had not. She had not asked Harvey anything about a certificate; she thought it was vulgar to bother about your "marriage lines"—only charwomen and dock laborers' wives did that, and she wanted to be "refined" above everything. Besides, the registry marriage—hasty and unpremeditated like so many Australian weddings—had not seemed to have anything to do with such things as certificates. They had had a train to catch, and a boat immediately after—there had been such a rush—and no witnesses except the two clerks— One could get a copy of the register by post—in about four months' time——

She stared open-mouthed before her tormentor like the Lost Soul in Michelangelo's "Last Judgment."

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"Got a newspaper report of the wedding, photos, or such?" went on the woman, dabbing powder—Gladys's powder—on her nose.

Gladys dropped down on her bed and went into hysterics.

The woman walked out onto the veranda again quite composedly, and poured herself out more tea. She gave the cockatoo in its cage a piece of cake.

"Talk, pretty cocky? Why don't you talk?" she said.

"Ow, ow, ow! hup! ha, ha, ha!" went Gladys from the bedroom.

When Harvey Jamieson's horse pulled up, scramblimg and sliding, before the house, the stranger was ready to receive him at the front veranda steps.

"How do, Harvey?" was her greeting. "I've got several crows to pluck with you, my boy."

From within the bedroom came a subdued wailing. Gladys had not heard the arrival. The master of the house made no more noise than he could help mounting the steps. He was a big, burly, sandy man with effective gray eyes, and, on ordinary occasions, an equally effective swagger, but he looked small and mean as he crept across the echoing boards to a quiet corner and motioned the woman to follow him.

"My oath, Bell," he faltered, taking off his helmet and dabbing his wet forehead confusedly. "My oath, I thought you were—"

"No, my lad, you didn't," said Bell composedly. "Oh, no, you didn't think I was dead."

"Well, I like that," he blustered weakly. "Didn't I read your death notice in the papers? Name and place and all?"

"Oh, I don't mind allowing I was wrong there," confessed Bell cheerfully. "You see, I knew you were so set on me you might have followed me up, after I gave you the slip to go on the stage. That's why I did that—it seemed safe enough, in England, and I was angry enough with you not to want to see you again—you know why——"

"I swear she——"

"Oh, she's ancient history now. You always were the same. But somehow you suited me, Harvey, and I'm not sorry to see your sandy old head again. But to go back, you know, don't tell me you thought I was dead, because——"

"What?"

"I saw you at the theatre that night in Colombo—when everyone thought you were on the road in the Northern Territory. I won't ask what you were doing there. But I saw you—and I rather fancy you didn't make any mistakes about who I was. Yes, I know that death notice would save you from prosecution for bigamy, if you really were fool enough—which I don't believe——"

"I did!" said the man, raising his voice in his excitement. "Don't you think anything else, Bell! I married her in a registry office. She's a good little kid and wouldn't have looked at me without—I did marry her."

"Oh, no, you didn't," said Bell calmly. "You went through a form—or you say you did—that you know meant nothing. Whether you did or didn't, you weren't and aren't married to her for a single minute—and you knew it."

"Harvey! Harvey!" croaked a hoarse little voice at his elbow. Gladys had heard and had risen. "Harvey! tell me she's sying lies—send her away—she says— Oh, my goodness grycious!" She beat her hands together and began jumping up and down on the boards. "Oh, my grycious, what am I going to do? O Lord, let me die strite awye! It's true!"

"O Lord!" echoed the man, looking at her disheveled little form with a dawning disgust, "Look here, Gladys. I didn't know——"

"You did," corrected Bell.

"I never meant——"

"You did mean— Leave her to me, Harvey; you're not half a man—you can take your fun, but you can't face the music when it comes to paying for it. Here, you— I don't know your name, but my husband has made a fool of you. He's made a fool of lots of others and you'd best make up your mind to clear back to where you came from and forget all about him—you feathered your nest well enough, I dare say, but I'll let him give you your passage money home. He and I will settle matters between us about all this by and by. I've left the stage for good, Harvey; it didn't appreciate me the way it ought to have, and you can get your company to transfer you to Queensland or somewhere civilized. You needn't think I'd stop up here! And after this, my boy, you run on a string for the rest of your days, don't you forget it. Oh, I've scores to settle with you, but that can wait. In the meantime, fork out her passage home, and let's get rid of her—she——"

"Harvey! Harvey!" cried Gladys despairingly. A clatter of hoofs answered her. During Bell's long speech he had edged back to the steps, seized the bridle of his still waiting horse, and sprung into the saddle, shouting: "Must go back to the fields till knock-off time back by and by—arrange everything when I——"The hoof beats died away down the road.

Bell burst into unrestrained laughter.

"Harvey all over!" she said. "One thing's clear enough, whether you knew it or not he's evidently tired of you. I was the only one he never did tire of. Well, what are you going to do?"

No creature so feeble but owns a reserve of strength somewhere. Under

the shifty, scared glances of her natural protector, Gladys had still remained weak. Under the cool stare of her woman enemy, she grew strong.

"I'm going—you bad, wicked woman!" she said. "I wouldn't spend a dye nor a night in the house again. I hope God'll punish you and him!"

Upheld by that suddenly won strength, she went into the house, washed her face, put up her hair, put on her hat. She passed her rival without a look, and went out onto the road. The lengthening shadows of the evening fell low among the palms, and absorbed the small white figure in their dance of light and shade.

In Karela the, chief town of the Maroro Islands, talk about the Jamieson affair ran high as a river in flood time of the rains. It lasted but a little while, however, for on the return call of the steamer, some few days later, Jamieson zand his wife packed up their goods, took their passages to Brisbane, and were seen no more. Before he went, Jamieson sent Gladys a check; she tore it into little pieces and threw them at the messenger—and Jamieson did not send again.

Gladys went first of all to the hotel for a night, and afterwards to a little tin shanty near the native quarter of the town. She was sure that everybody would see her side of the case, and pity her, and for a few days she was nobly upborne by her determination to begin life over again and show "those two" that she did not suffer and would not care. She gave out that she would take in washing; she bought soap and starch and a few tubs on credit from the store, and living no one knew how, waited for custom.

It did not come. Nothing came; no one came. Gladys was "dropped."

Mrs. Jamiesons statement had been believed. Nobody credited Gladys's marriage. A girl who had such very yellow hair and overdressed so terribly and gave herself such "airs" in the days of her prosperity—a girl who never produced her marriage certificate when the truth was questioned, who hadn't a wedding photograph or present to show, who seemed to be nothing and nobody, so far as anyone knew—how was one to credit the impossible story of such a girl? Karela did not credit it. The little tin house on the hot main road was avoided as if it had harbored smallpox

Gladys stood it with the innate pluck that is the salt of the Australian character, set her small teeth and determined to worry through. She went to the native lines and took home jobs of dressmaking for the Indian and half-caste women. She lived on mealie porridge and stopped "doing" her hair and there were no stockings inside her canvas shoes. But she was sure things would come right. She was "nice" whatever people might think—she was good and they would find it out.

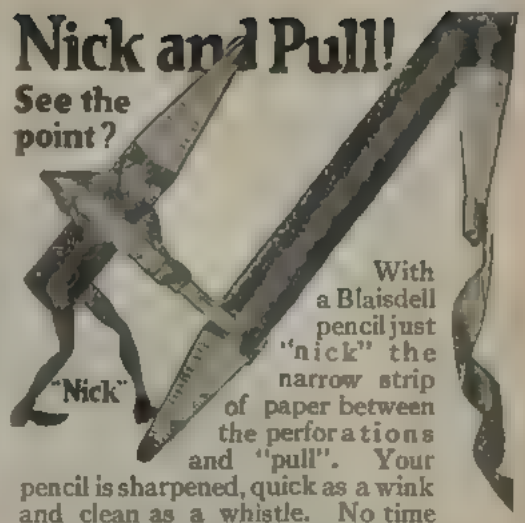
One afternoon a white woman came to her door at last. Gladys almost burst out crying as she saw the parasol bobbing up the walk. She ran to open a tin of cake that she had hoarded through hungry days; she lit the broken-down oil stove and put on the kettle for tea. Then she brushed her hair up above her forehead into a becoming wave and came out to the veranda, her cheeks red with excitement.

The visitor inspected her keenly, then, seemingly pleased with what she saw, smiled and stretched out an expensively gloved hand. Gladys did not know who she was. Maroro was a small place, and she had thought she knew every woman in it, but this one she had never seen. She did not remember the worn but handsome face, the extremely pink complexion half concealed by a white lace veil, the tall, smartly dressed figure. Who in Karela owned such silk, such lace, such feathers: who had such jewelery? And who, of all the women in this uncharitable, un-Christian place, was now sitting on her veranda, holding out the hand of friendship?

The visitor flung back her veil and smiled, with handsome, painted lips. Then she spoke.

Of what happened next, Gladys never had any clear remembrance. She could only recall the crash of the rickety front door, seldom closed, as it banged behind her skirts—the echo of loud, mocking, indescribably wicked laughter sounding on the veranda outside and then away down the road. She was conscious of herself, a long time afterwards, sitting on the edge of her makeshift bed, curiously cold in spite of the burning sun that was crisping the leaves of the mango trees outside; curiously calm also. She was saying one thing over and over: "The limit—that's the limit"

That small, untrained, uncultured soul had no knowledge of its own processes of thought. Gladys of the yellow hair did not know that she struggled with a racial tradgey all the burning afternoon; nor that, when the dusk and the dew came down together, and the locusts lifted up their sunset song in the frangipani trees, she had laid down her arms and turned her back on her race. For her a thousand eons of evolution were wiped out between the waning and the setting of that day's sun; back across the ages swung the tormented little soul, by so much nearer now to the eft and the dragon of the primeval slime, as Liliku of the splendid



With a Blaisdell pencil just "nick" the narrow strip of paper between the perforations and "pull". Your pencil is sharpened, quick as a wink and clean as a whistle. No time nor lead is wasted by whittling. No soiled hands nor littered floor.

And *such* pencil satisfaction.

The perfectly balanced, friendly "feel" of the Blaisdell makes writing a joy. With minimum pressure the Blaisdell writes clearly and wears slowly. Superior, gritless leads mean quicker, cleaner work, and happier workers.

"Nick" and "Pull" are efficiency experts—they guarantee better pencil service at lower pencil cost. They are eliminating fuss and muss, and are saving money for millions of Blaisdell users. *Why not you?*

The Modern Way to Sharpen a Pencil

Cut through one thickness between perforations
Loosen the strip once around
Pull the strip straight away
Done in 3 Seconds

Are the world's pencil buyers all wrong?

"Nick" and "Pull" are cutting pencil costs for many large business houses, including United States Steel Corporation, Ford Motor Car Company, America Tobacco Company, Western Union Telegraph Company, Bradstreet Company, Standard Oil Company, General Electric Co.

You can profit by *their* experience—*use Blaisdells.*

There's a Blaisdell pencil for every purpose. Regular, Colored, Copying, Indelible, Extra Thick, China Marking, Metal Marking, Lumberman's, Railroad, etc. All standard grades and degrees of hardness.

Blaisdell pencils are guaranteed to have perfect leads of highest quality and to be [illegible] in every way.

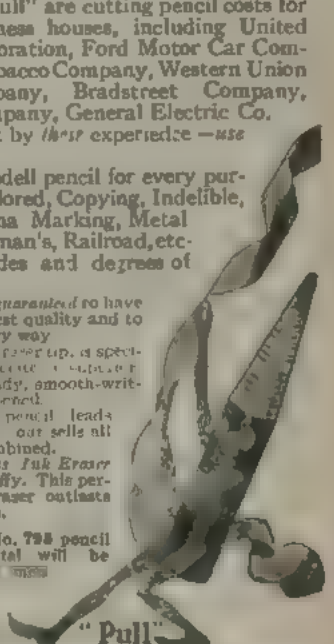
Blaisdell 203 with eraser up, is specified by [illegible] for long-wearing, ever-ready, smooth-writing general purpose pencil.

Blaisdell 151, [illegible] pencil leads the world in quality—our sells all other blue pencils combined.

Blaisdell's spun glass Ink Eraser takes out blots in a jiffy. This perfect all-purpose ink eraser outlasts three ordinary erasers.

FREE SAMPLE No. 795 pencil for marking metal will be [illegible] who request it.

Your stationer sells and recommends Blaisdell pencils.



Blaisdell

For the invalid

as well as those in perfect health

Baker's Cocoa

is an ideal food beverage, pure, delicious and wholesome.

Walter Baker & Co. Limited
ESTABLISHED 1780
MONTREAL, CANADA - DORCHESTER, MASS.

figure and apelike, prognathous jaw was nearer to them than she.

She only knew that she had done with the white as the white had done with her, and that, when the moon came up, she was going to take horse and ride—for Liliku's town.

The Maroran native missionary who lived down the road was not well pleased to be wakened up by the insignificant white woman of whom no one took account—nor was his fat godly wife gratified to see the dress she had ordered from Gladys for next Sunday's wear, hanging on the slight limbs of Gladys herself. What was the white woman doing in a native smock, with all her hair over her shoulders and no shoes on her feet, like a Maroran? What did she want with the teacher's horse that she was come in the middle of the night to hire him?

Gladys had little to say, and nothing at all to tell. She wanted the horse. She was keeping the dress. They would be paid for both, and they need ask her nothing more.

Grumbling and sleepy, they gave in, and the horse thudded away down the road, bearing on its back a small, slight figure in a native dress, riding native fashion, astride. Only the streaming golden hair told, in the moonlight, that the woman was white

Two days after, at sunset, a mounted messenger from the inland ranges rode by the teacher's door, and flung a packet of green banana leaf over the threshold as he passed. The teacher's wife opened it, and gasped with wonder when she saw a roll of good "government" gold inside. Wrapped about the gold was a fragment of native tappa cloth, with a few words written on it in the Maroran tongue:

"For the price of the horse and the price of the dress. Liliku."

Two years after, a party of distinguished tourists, journeying through the islands, halted at a mountain town where a dance was to be held in their honor. Pigs were killed, yams and bananas piled in mighty heaps for the travelers, dainty native sweets of cocoanut and taro and sugar cane brought by the armful. On the green, before the huge, beehive houses that cast pyramidal shadows in the moonlight, the travelers sat upon piles of fine mats and watched the youths and maidens of the village swaying their flower-garlanded limbs to the intoxicating throb of the island drum, while a chorus of trained singers, somewhat apart, gave voice to all the savagery and romance of the wild South Seas in booming, brazen-throated war choruses of the cannibal days.

The distinguished tourists were pleased.

"It's worth coming half round the world to see," pronounced the most

JAEGER
For MEN

Here are some Jaeger Wool Goods some of which every man needs; Blazers, Sweaters, Dressing Gowns, Waistcoats, Coat Sweaters, Shirts, Collars, Cardigan Jackets, Smoking Jackets, Ulsters, Coats, Gloves, Socks, Mufflers, Slippers, Capes, etc. Ask to see these Jaeger Garments, they are well worth your inspection.

A fully illustrated catalogue and Dr. Jaeger's Health Culture will be sent free on application.

DR. JAEGER Sanitary Woollen System Co. Limited
TORONTO MONTREAL WINNIPEG
Incorporated in England in 1883, with British Capital for the British Empire.

Smartest New Designs in
Puffs and Switches

The newest hair dressing may mean that you require puffs or switches to secure the right effect. You can find here scores of puffs in great variety of size and shade of color and switches of varying thicknesses weights and colors to match any hair. The quality of our hair goods is absolutely the best every piece is fully guaranteed, and prices are moderate. You will be pleasantly surprised at the variety and beauty of our stock

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE

The Pember Store,
129 Yonge Street, Toronto

"Upstairs, Downstairs, in my Lady's Parlor"

There are a hundred different uses for a light, compact

PEERLESS FOLDING TABLE

You will find in the most necessary piece of furniture in the house. Bring it out from behind the bookcase, or piano. Set it up wherever you wish. It is so light (only 11 lbs.—and so compact when folded, that you can tuck it under your arm and carry it up or downstairs. Your dealer can get it, or will get it for you. Ask him.

*Made in Canada.

Write for Free booklet describing our "Peerless" and "Elite" Tables.

BOURD & CO., LIMITED
Sole Licensees and Manufacturers,
LONDON, ONTARIO.

☞ *To City, Town and Village Dwellers in Ontario*

"A Vegetable Garden for Every Home"

IN this year of supreme effort Britain and her armies must have ample supplies of food, and Canada is the great source upon which they rely. Greater production is a vital necessity. Everyone with a few square feet of ground can contribute to victory by growing vegetables.

Four Patriotic Reasons For Growing Vegetables

1—It saves money that you would otherwise spend for vegetables, thus being an effective means of thrift, leaving your money free for purposes more directly helpful to the cause.

2—It helps to lower the "High cost of living."

3—By increasing production your vegetable garden helps to enlarge the urgently needed surplus of produce for export to the Motherland and her allies.

4—Every dollar's worth of vegetables you grow saves several hours' labor of some worker somewhere whose effort at this critical time should be expended upon producing food for export, or upon other vital war work.

Multiply your effort by the number of available garden plots in cities, towns and villages all over Ontario and the significance of vegetable production as a form of patriotic thrift becomes one of startling importance to the country!

The Department of Agriculture Will Help You

The Ontario Department of Agriculture appeals to Horticultural Societies to devote at least one evening meeting to the subject of vegetable growing. Manufacturers, labor unions, lodges, school boards, etc., are invited to actively encourage home gardening. Let the slogan for 1917 be "A Vegetable Garden for Every Home."

Organizations are invited to arrange for instructive talks by local practical gardeners on the subject of vegetable growing. In cases where it is impossible to secure a local speaker the Department of Agriculture will, on request, endeavor to send a suitable man.

The demand for speakers will be great. The number of available experts being limited, the Department urgently requests that arrangements for meetings be made at once; if local speakers cannot be secured, send applications promptly.

The Department suggests the formation of local organizations to stimulate interest by offering prizes for best vegetable gardens. It is prepared to assist in any possible way any organization that may be conducting a campaign for vegetable production on vacant lots. It will do so by sending speakers or by supplying expert advice in the field.

Send for Literature.

To every one interested in vegetable growing the Department of Agriculture will, on receipt of request, send literature giving instructions about implements necessary and methods of preparing the ground and cultivating the crop.

A plan of a vegetable garden indicating suitable crop to grow, best varieties and their arrangement in the garden will be sent free of charge to any address.

Write for Poultry Bulletin.—The waste from the average table would support a small flock of hens. They are inexpensive to keep, and you will be highly repaid in fresh eggs. Write for free bulletin which tells how to keep hens.

Address letters to "Vegetable Campaign," Department of Agriculture, Parliament Buildings, Toronto.

Ontario Department of Agriculture

W. H. Hearst, Minister of Agriculture - - - - Parliament Buildings, Toronto

CROWN BRAND
CORN SYRUP
Everybody's Favourite
Children think only of the sweetness and delightful flavour, on Bread, Toast and Griddle Cakes.
But "grown-ups" know of the splendid food value of this famous table syrup—how wholesome and nutritious it is—and far more economical than preserves, or butter and sugar, when spread on bread.
Write our Montreal Office for a copy of our new recipe book — "Desserts and Candies"— sent free.
Dealers everywhere have "Crown Brand" Corn Syrup in 2, 5, 10 and 20 pound tins. Get some today.
THE CANADA STARCH CO. LIMITED
MONTREAL, CARDINAL, BRANTFORD, PORT WILLIAM.
Makers of "Lily White" Corn Syrup—Benson's Corn Starch and "Silver Gloss" Laundry Starch.
225W

Boys! Earn $1.00 to $5.00 a Week and Valuable Premiums

selling The Saturday Blade, Chicago Ledger, Farming Business and Lone Scout. These are the greatest weekly papers, and people in every town want some one they can buy from each week. We send the papers all in one bundle so that they come to you at one time, on Fridays. You have a paper to sell to every man, woman or boy. Easy to sell and build up a route of steady customers. Only one report for you to make out each week. You make 2c on every nickel you take in for sale of Blade, Ledger, Farming Business, and 1c on each 2c you take in on Lone Scout. You can't lose. You don't send us any money until you sell the papers. In addition to cash profits we give valuable premiums. Each active agent for our papers is appointed a Lone Scout by Chief Totem of the Lone Scouts, who sends badge and certificate of membership and a booklet of instructions in this great organization free. Just fill out the blank below and we will send you a complete agent's outfit. We tell you how to get customers.

W. D. BOYCE CO., 500 N. Dearborn St., CHICAGO, ILL. **Send This Coupon Today**

I accept the agency for your 4 papers. Send me as many copies of each as you think I can sell the first week. Also please tell me how to get the valuable premiums and membership in Lone Scouts.

Name.....

Street or R. F. D. No.....

Age .....Town .....State .....

I Want 50 School Boys on My Pay Roll

If you want to put your name on my list, write me at once, before some other boy beats you to this chance. Just a little work after school hours will bring you money to spend for a lot of nice things most boys enjoy. Send the letter to-day before you forget it.

R. G. TOBIN, Manager, 467 Mail Building, TORONTO

distinguished of all, who owned a title and had a yacht and had enjoyed most of the pleasant things available to the rich and well born in all quarters of the civilized world. "Well worth it. The ancestral savage in us calling, I suppose—that's what makes one enjoy this bit of 'looking backward,'"

"The South Seas are the place for romance, after all," agreed his neighbor. "Did you hear of the Forbidden Town? We are only a few miles from it, up here."

"What is it? And why is it forbidden?"

"It's the town of the greatest chief in Maroro, who married a white woman some years ago——"

"A white woman! Was she made, or bad, or what?"

"Oh, I don't know—both, perhaps—anyhow, she was very pretty and she had some quarrel with the whites, so she married this Liliku—married by a black Wesleyan pastor, with all the island ceremonies—and she dresses native fashion and eats on the floor and never goes beyond the town. And neither he nor she will let a white person in; they set a guard at every entrance when there are any whites heard to be about."

"A curious story! Nothing like the islands for strange tales. If we hadn't to catch that boat to-morrow—but we have. Anyhow it would be playing it rather low down to try and get in. Some time, if we make another trip to Maroro, one might approach judiciously. Got a light?"

It was scarcely a year later when the distinguished traveler, back in Maroro on a honeymoon journey with an equally distinguished bride, found himself once more at the village that had given the dance. His bride, who was anxious to see the heroine of the Forbidden Town and little used to brook any crossing of her wishes, ordered the guides to be ready to take them on next day to the place where the white woman lived.

"No good," said the man, squatting down on the ground in sign of humility. "No white woman he stop. Long time he go finish."

"What does he mean?" asked the bride.

"He means that the white woman is dead. She does not seem to have stood it very long. I suppose one can't wonder," said the distinguished traveler.

"You like go see grave belong to him—very good grave? "asked the guide. "No stop along town that grave, stop along bush—Liliku he no see, suppose you go."

"Yes, we'll go," said the bride

It was late in the afternoon when they came to the place of the tomb. Liliku had built an immense cairn of white coral concrete over the place where the yellow-haired woman rested;

but there was no European inscription on it, nor was there any cross, or rail, or wreath of immortelle. On the face of the great white pyramid, "thick inlaid with patines of bright gold" by struggling sunset rays enlaced among the palms, was one word only:

MARAITE.

The white wife laid her hand upon her white husband's arm.

"Take me away from here," she said. "There is too much shadow. . . I feel cold."

Railroading to Recruiting

Continued from page 252.

six month's full salary after going overseas. J. S. Dennis, assistant to the president, who, as the railway and government know, is doing so much for the allied cause, has led a series of recruiting meetings to the employees of labor. Another prominent official has headed a donation for the 191st band fund by a very substantial cheque.

There are many discouragements in the business of recruiting. "When I worked on the business end of a newspaper," said Captain Rankin, "I used to think it was difficult work to sell advertising, but it is nothing to getting recruits. In selling advertising, you are giving a man something tangible for his money, but in getting recruits you are asking a man, not only to give up much, but there is always lurking in the rear the probable possibility of his having to give up his life. The average man is willing to serve his country and die for it too, when the time comes, but the great problem for the majority to decide, is when this psychological moment has arrived. Many men are dissuaded from enlistment because their womenfolk are not willing to give them up, and hesitate to assume the responsibility of a family."

Captain Rankin is a man of varied experience and a wide traveller. He has been connected with railways in Cuba, British Guiana, Jamaica and the Isthmus of Panama. Born in Montreal, he comes of a well known Canadian family, back to the days of French seigneuries. His mother, now an old lady of eighty, still lives in Montreal. Two brothers, Major Allan Rankin, of the A.M.C., a scientist and specialist in bacteriology, is in France and Lieut. Ernest Rankin is in the motor boat patrol of the Royal Navy.

Disabled Canadian Soldiers

Continued from page 256.

It has been wisely decided that no man shall forfeit any part of his pension on account of his industry and enterprise in improving his own financial position.

Y
Padlocks
YA
Door Closers
YAL
Night Latches
YALE
House Hardware
Made in Canada
Quality and Service
Quality and Service are inseparably linked with the name Yale.
This prestige—uninterrupted during nearly 48 years—rests upon the accomplished ideal of better goods, made in a better plant, by better workmen.
Look for the name "Yale."
Canadian Yale & Towne, Limited
St. Catharines, Ont.

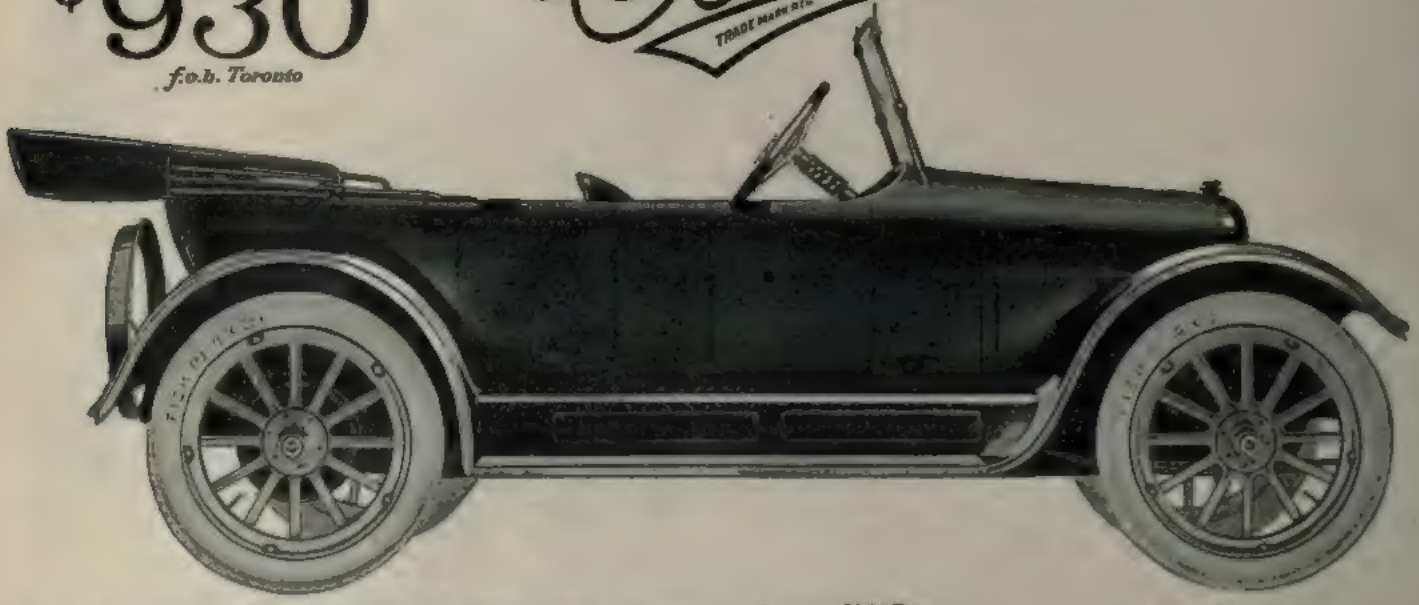
A "sameness" that is most enjoyable——the daily, unvarying goodness of a cup of "SEAL BRAND" COFFEE. It never fails to greet you with that same exquisite fragrance, amber clearness and delightful flavour, that win people with the first cup.

In ½, 1 and 2 pound tins. Whole—ground—pulverized—also fine ground for Percolators. Never sold in bulk. 184

CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL.

The Light Four
5 Passenger Touring
$930
f.o.b. Toronto

Overland
TRADE MARK REG.



A Comprehensive Line of Automobiles All New Values

From your point of view this announcement is most important.

For herein we set forth the achievement toward which the Willys-Overland organization has aimed for the last eight years.

This achievement in a word is the completion of our gigantic organization to a point where we could make and market a complete line of automobiles under one head.

One executive organization,
—*one* factory management,
—*one* purchasing unit,
—*one* sales expense,
—*one* group of dealers,
plan, produce and sell the entire line.

Buying power is concentrated. Costs are distributed over all these cars.

The savings are tremendous.

As a result we are producing cars of exceptional quality—and marketing them at unusually low prices.

Every car is built to a rigid standard of performance, comfort and appearance.

The new Light Four at $930 is a striking example.

It has good style—built low with harmonious and full sweeping body lines. It is a beautiful car in every sense of the word.

The motor is powerful, quiet and of sturdy construction. The turning radius is short. The car has a quick acceleration and is built to tour safely and comfortably from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

And with all these good qualities *it rides beautifully*. The soft cushions, the long resilient cantilever rear springs, the large tires (31x4) and the proper balance in construction absorb all types of jolts —the choppy cobblestone, the cuppy macadam and the heavy ruts and thank-you-ma'ms of the highways.

Yet this is but one of the new Willys-Overland values.

Never before have the economies of vast production been available for buyers of every class of car.

And the Overland Policy of greater production, higher quality, lower price is exemplified in every model and type.

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Head Office and Works:

West Toronto, Can.

Willys-Knight and Overland Automobiles
and Light Commercial Cars.

Light Four
Two Passenger Roadster
104 in. wheelbase
$910

Country Club
Four Seater Sport Model
104 in. wheelbase
$1050

Big Four Roadster
113 in. wheelbase
$1475

Light Six Roadster
116 in. wheelbase
$1360

Big Four Coupe
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$1785

Light Six Coupe
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Big Four Touring
113 in. wheelbase
$1195

Light Six Touring
116 in. wheelbase
$1360

Big Four Sedan
113 in. wheelbase
$1895

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$2290

All prices f. o. b. Toronto subject to change without notice